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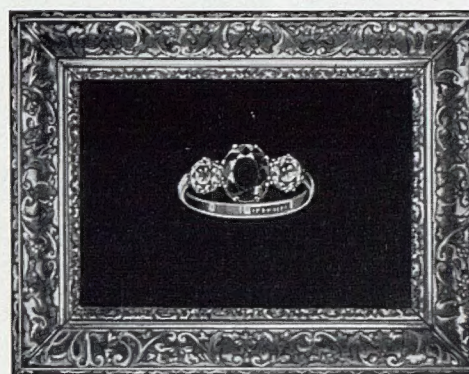
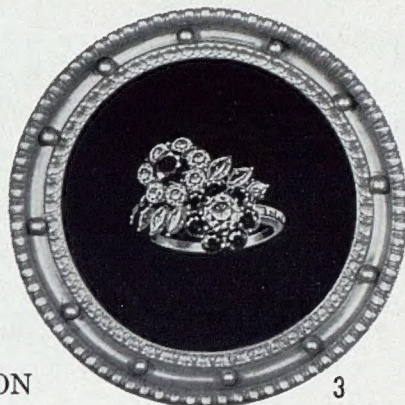
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JOHN OLIVER

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Sailaway scene on the cover sets the theme of international fashion which is explored in fuller detail by Unity Barnes, page 622 onwards. Norman Eales took the picture aboard the Cunard cruise liner *Carmania* in Rotterdam and the cover girl wears a white wool classic travel coat, buttonless, with a tie-belt by Wetherall. It costs 25 gns. at Wetherall House, Regent Street, and from R. H. O. Hills, Blackpool. The silk scarf by Hermès costs 6½ gns. at Wetherall

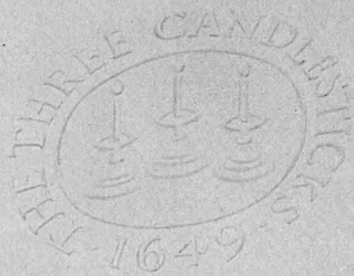
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GOING PLACES



SOCIAL & SPORTING

The Lincolnshire, today.

The Grand National, Aintree, 21 March.

Spring Antiques Fair, Chelsea Town Hall, to 21 March.

Victoria Club dinner-dance, the Dorchester, 24 March (Details, TEM 8586).

Squash Rackets Association Ball, Hyde Park Hotel, 20 March. (Tickets, double 4 gns., single £2 5s. REG. 0933.)

Oxford v. Cambridge Boat Race, 28 March.

Easter Egg Stall, Sloane Square, 25 March, in aid of World Community Chest, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. (Offers of help and contributions, BEL 4705.)

April Fools Frolic Ball, Café Royal, 1 April, in aid of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. (Tickets, £2 9s. 9½d., SLO 0031.)

Spring Ball, Savoy, 9 April, in aid of refugees. (Details, BEL 4705.)

Golden Eagle Ball, Grosvenor House, 22 April, in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies. (Details, Mrs. Madge Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gdns., S.W.7.)

Indoor Jumping Competition, Ovington Grange Riding Stables, Clare, Sudbury, Suffolk, 11.30 a.m., 22 March. Fork lunch, 1 p.m. (Details, Clare 360.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Liverpool, 19-21; Kempton Park, Warwick, Stockton, Doncaster, 28; Kempton Park, Birmingham, Newcastle, 30 March. **Steeplechasing**: Worcester, today; Liverpool, 19-21; Worcester, 21; Wye, 23; Nottingham, 23, 24; Wolverhampton, 25, 26; Southwell, 26; Newton Abbot, Plumpton, Woore, Carlisle, Southwell, 28 March.

Hunter Trials: Whaddon Chase, today; Heythrop, 19 March; Bedales, 20 March; Grafton, 23 March.

GOLF

Oxford v. Cambridge, Rye, 20, 21 March.

RUGBY

Scotland v. England (Calcutta Cup), 21 March.

Wales v. France, Cardiff, 21 March.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Fidelio*, tonight, 21, 24 March; *IPuritani*, 20, 23, 26 March, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Swan Lake*, 7.30 p.m., 19 March; *Napoli, Pas de Deux, The Two Pigeons*, 2 p.m., 21 March; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 7.30 p.m., 25 March.



TONY EVANS

Brian Wall working on a piece of sculpture for his joint exhibition with painter Anthony Benjamin at the Grabowski Gallery, Sloane Avenue. It continues to 21 March

Royal Festival Hall. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, cond. Dorati, 8 p.m., tonight; Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, cond. Münchinger, 8 p.m., 19 and 20 March; L.P.O., cond. Pritchard, 8 p.m., 21 March; Bach Choir and Jacques Orchestra, cond. Willcocks, in *St. Matthew Passion*, 11 a.m., 22 March; Irmgard Seefried (soprano), 7.30 p.m., 22 March; Philharmonia, cond. Boult, 8 p.m., 23 March; Julius Katchen (piano), 8 p.m., 24 March. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Flying Dutchman*, tonight; *La Belle*

Hélène, 19 March; *Ariadne on Naxos*, 20 March; *La Traviata*, 21 March. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.) **Wigmore Hall**. Maureen Morelle (mezzo-soprano) and Antony Lindsay (accompaniment), 21 March, 7.30 p.m. (WEL 2141.)

Bishopsgate Institute. Morag Noble (soprano), Joyce Rathbone (piano), 1.5-1.50 p.m., 24 March. (WEL 8418.)

Leighton House, Holland Park Rd. Song recital with guitar & piano, 7.30 p.m., 24 March. (PRI 7142.)

ART

Canadian Paintings, Tate Gallery, to 22 March.

Violence in Contemporary Art, I.C.A. Gallery, Dover St., to 26 March.

Vanessa Bell Memorial Exhibition, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 28 March.

Eddie Wolfram, New Vision Gallery, Seymour Place, to 21 March.

African Paintings, Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St., to 22 March.

Allan Ramsay (1713-1784), Royal Academy, to 26 April.

Frank Clark, handmade silver, Foyle's Gallery, to 28 March.

EXHIBITIONS

"Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, to 30 March.

National Stamp Exhibition, Central Hall, Westminster, to 21 March.

FIRST NIGHTS

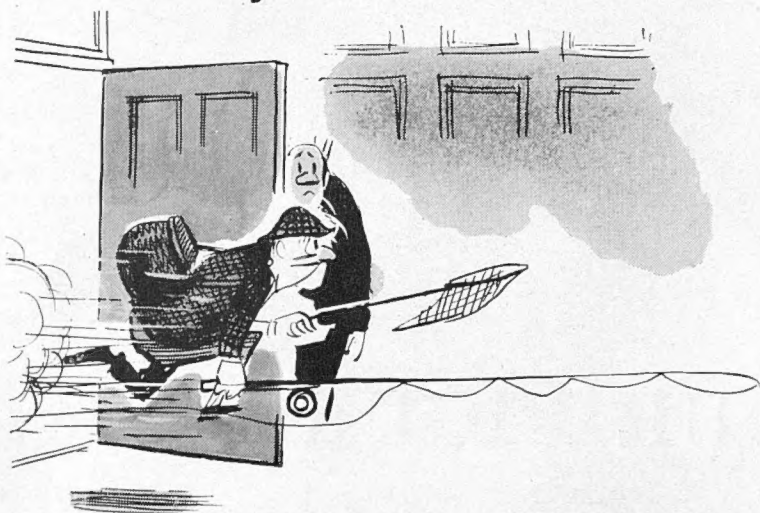
New Arts. The Formation Dancers, tonight.

Comedy. *Hang Down Your Head & Die*, 19 March.

Prince of Wales. *Round About Piccadilly*, 28 March.

Drury Lane. *Mexican Fiesta*, 30 March.

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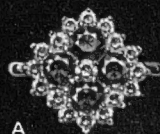
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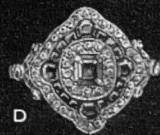
A



B



C



D



E



F



G



H



J

GOING PLACES

TOURING IN GREECE

It is worth while to bring your own car to Greece between April and the end of June, and from late September through the autumn. Mid-May to the end of September are the best times for a stay-put holiday in one of the islands, but the heat which makes them comfortable can make the mainland roads hot and dusty, blurring the brilliant light which is an essential complement to the Greek landscape.

The car ferry from Brindisi lands you in Corfu, at its most magical in spring when almost every wild flower known to man blooms in its fields and hedgerows. Corfu, though an island, obeys mainland characteristics. The idiom is Italianate rather than typically Grecian, and the whole gentle mood of the island is in the same key. The sanded roads which wind between the olive terraces and over the headlands are for the most part (mercifully) unfit for coach traffic, but sufficiently good for a small car. Some of the best beaches are a clover-shaped clutch at Paleokastritsa; the crowds who visit this, perhaps the most spectacular of the beauty spots, are negligible compared with Crowds as one knows them elsewhere: and to much of the island's coast nothing has happened at all. Of the hotels, the Miramare is a cabana establishment with a private beach, the Xenia is prettily set facing Mouse Island. But the most Corfiot in its ambience is Mimbelli Castle, an 18th-century palace that belonged to an Italian admiral. Its views over to the Albanian coast are glorious, its Franco-Greek food excellent. Its beach, 10 minutes' walk through the estate, is narrow, but the swimming is heavenly and there is a beach bar which doubles as a night club. Costa's taverna at Ypsos, close by, draws a devoted clientele (including some English theatre people) who put up with its hard beds and cold water (hot each morning in a jug and basin) for the sake of its privacy, its genuine simplicity, and its delicious food. Don't miss, at least, a meal there, at a table set out under the plane trees. From Corfu, which you may well find hard

to leave, the car ferry gives you two alternatives: the first is to cross over to the northern half of the Greek mainland at Igoumenitsa, and to drive from there up to Yannina (sometimes spelled Oannina) and Metsova and Kalambaka (to see the Meteora monasteries) before joining the main Salonika/Athens road at Larisa. The first part of the journey is a tour through some of the wildest and least-trodden parts of Greece, and certainly some of the most beautiful. Consider about a week from Igoumenitsa to Athens, if you stop and explore on the way—as you should: for the sake of speed, the journey is pointless.

Some of the most important of the classical sites—including Olympia, Tyrins, Mycenae, Epidauros and Corinth—are all in the Peloponnese. So for this trip, you continue on the Corfu/Igoumenitsa ferry to Patras, on the northern Peloponnese shore, which in bulk is the other half of the Greek mainland. A good main road circles the coast westwards to Olympia, and a rather more hazardous hairpinner crosses the central mountains to the east coast at Nauplion. This trip would take about five days from Corfu to Athens, not allowing for the time you may spend in Nauplion, a charming little seaside town with some interesting old churches and several good hotels. Greece is now admirably equipped with government sponsored Xenia as well as privately owned hotels, and these you find at nearly all the chief classical



ABROAD

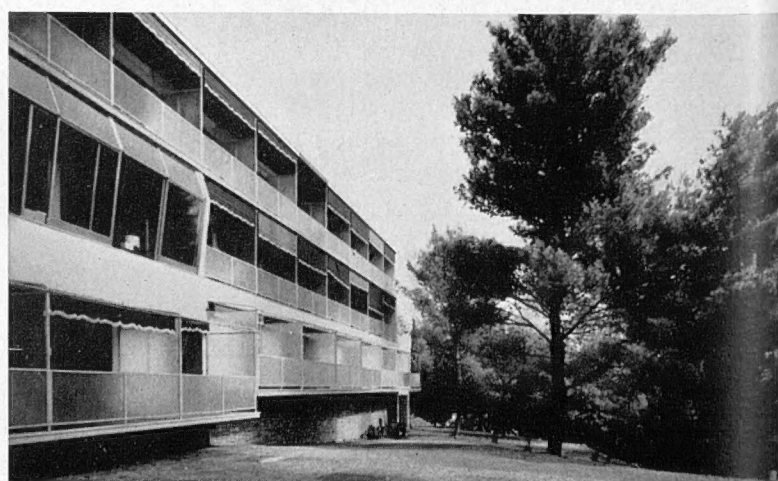
sites and ferry ports. A joy among the many joys of Grecian travel is that apart from the ubiquitous kebab stalls, there is nearly always somewhere where you can get a glass of wine and something to eat (for example the railway buffet at Corinth has delicious *tiropita* kept hot in a glass container), and at almost any time of day or night. It is the tavernas and buffets which usually have the best food, providing you remember the imperative *zesto piato* for "hot plate". Somebody once apologised to me for a cup of hot coffee, so you can see that in this matter it is our ways which are considered foreign.

Not everyone has the time to bring their own car to Greece and drive it all the way back again, for it could hardly be done comfortably even with the help of the various train ferries inside Europe within less than a month. Lane's Travel Service (251 Brompton Rd.) offers a useful 14-day deal which costs £92.5 per head for two people, includes return air fare, first and last night hotel accommodation in Athens, plus car and 100 free kilometres a day. It would be hard to improve on. You may prolong your stay with a five day island cruise, or a week's further use of the car at the rate of £3 10s. a day. Delphi, perhaps the single most impressive of all the classical sites, is about three hours'

drive from Athens, but I strongly recommend spending the night there in order to savour and enjoy it.

People who are interested in Byzantine as opposed to Hellenic Greece would find Salonika (about six hours' journey from Athens on the new road) a worth-while trip. The feeling is very Balkan, and Salonika itself (which is rather the Manchester or the Barcelona of Greece) is not wholly picturesque; there is no single church as impressive as Sicily's Monreale, but some of the remains date back to the 5th century, and the old markets and ramparts and baths are extremely interesting, providing you've done a bit of groundwork or are well guided. Also, Salonika's cuisine is some of the best in Greece.

Having embarked on the north, go farther with it. Macedonia and Thrace, running along the northern Gulf to the Turkish border and threaded by the old Roman road to Constantinople, have a fertile beauty of tobacco and rice fields and mirror-like lagoons. On one of the squirrel-tail peninsulas lies Mount Athos. Farther east is Kavalla, rather a pretty town from whose harbour Pompey, fleeing from Caesar, fled to Alexandria, and behind the city is the ancient battlefield of Philippi. Another car ferry takes you over to the lush and lovely island of Thasos. Travelling in Greece, there has to be an island at the end of the road, and here one could comfortably lie about for a week.



Traditional and modernistic, the two faces of Corfu

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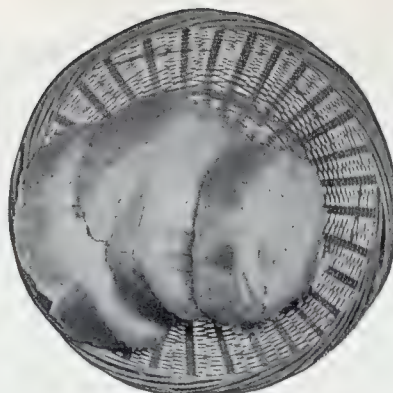
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GOING PLACES

AMBIENCE OF ISTANBUL



TO EAT

C.S. . . Closed Sundays.

W.B. . . Wise to book a table.

Lezzet, D'Arblay Street, out of Wardour Street, Oxford Street end. First floor. (GER 9510.) Open noon-3 p.m. and 6 p.m.-midnight. Sundays 6.30-11.30 p.m. This restaurant claims to be the only purely Turkish one in London, a fact that is borne out by the decor, cooking on charcoal, and the wine list. It is real Turkish food with interesting and unusual wines to go with it, and raki, the aperitif of the Levant, as a prelude. The service is personal and interested; if you are approaching Turkish dishes for the first time you can be certain of sound advice from Mr. Ratid Vo-Hassan. As a first course try the yoghurt mixed with cucumber, lemon juice and a suspicion of garlic. *A la carte* will cost you about 15s. for an excellent meal, and the 3-course luncheon 8s. 6d. There is guitar music in the evenings. W.B. evenings.

Massey's Chop House, 65 South Audley Street (HYD 8988). Open 12 midday-2 p.m. and 6 p.m.-11 p.m. C.S. As a restaurateur Charles Massey is a perfectionist who has no time for the second-rate, whether it is the lighting or a side of beef. This fact is reflected in his new restaurant. Of medium size, holding about 50, the decor is of dignified simplicity, with the sort of lighting women favour. The food is mainly grills, with appropriate dishes to precede them, including prawns in turtle aspic which was new to me. My lamb cutlets were perfection; praise, too, for the cheese board, the Achilles heel of so many British restaurants, and for the coffee. The waiting was impeccable. The shortish wine list is most carefully chosen. To the wine lover I commend numbers 4, 6, and 9 of the clarets and of the red burgundies numbers 20 and 21. The average price of the main dish is about 12s. 6d.; for a full meal with wine allow about 35s. per head. W.B.

Elizabethan frolics

Already internationally famous for its Elizabethan Banqueting Room, the **Gore Hotel** is

staging an exhibition for the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. It includes a room furnished in the style of a household of his time, a re-creation of backstage at the Globe playhouse, and books, maps and documents of the period. It will open in April and last until the end of September from 10 a.m. to 6.30 p.m., Monday to Saturday inclusive. Admission 2s. 6d., but free to those who lunch or dine in the Elizabethan Room. Dinner, including drinks, is £3 3s. luncheon—by arrangement only—£22s. Light refreshments in the style of 400 years ago 14s., but drinks not included. At **Gravetye Manor**, near East Grinstead, they are creating an Elizabethan garden, while the master bedroom, which has the original flooring and panelling of that

period, will be arranged with its traditional furnishings, including a four-poster bed.

Wine note

The first time I drank and liked K.W.V. Cape Paarl Late Vintage was with food, and I made a note to try it before the meal next time. Doing so, I found it quite charming. Bottled in South Africa, it is produced from the Steen grape, a variety originated as the result of a bud mutation, and only found there. The grapes are picked when overripe, which gives the wine its fullness and slightly sweet after-taste. The growers are the Co-Operative Wine Growers Association of South Africa, and the shippers are Brown, Gore & Welch. It costs 10s. 6d. per bottle.

. . . and a reminder

Hampstead Steak House, High Street, Hampstead. Worth remembering when sharp-set from a walk on the heath.

Savoy Grill Room. (TEM 4343.) There is still magic in "the Savoy Grill at One," or, for that matter, 8 p.m. or 11 p.m.

Windsor Castle Dive, opposite Victoria Station. Worth remembering when travelling, for hot or cold food.

Berlin Room restaurant, 44 Knightsbridge. (BEL 7121.) First-class German cooking and fine wines in amiable surroundings.

Verbanella, 35 Blandford Street, Baker Street. (WEL 2174.) Good Italian cooking, reasonable prices and a pleasant, cheerful atmosphere.



Antonio, Mario and Cesare Pizzala opened the Ristorante Pizzala in Chancery Lane three months ago. With them is Enzo Apicella, the architect they called in to design an ideal restaurant. Antonio was head waiter at Hatchedts, Mario at Maxim's in Paris—he won on the pools, providing the capital for the enterprise—and Cesare was the chef at the 21 Club

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BOAC CHIEF AT HOME

Rowley Farm at Lowfield Heath, just over the Sussex border into Surrey, is home for Sir Giles Guthrie, Bt., chairman and managing director of BOAC—whose appointment last autumn ended speculation as to the future high-level direction of the Corporation with its controversial deficit. Sir Giles and Lady Guthrie were photographed on the minstrel gallery of the house which Lady Guthrie has recently redecorated. Sir Giles—he is a merchant banker—also has a practical experience of aviation. He won the Portsmouth-Johannesburg air race in 1936 and was a Lieutenant Commander in the Fleet Air Arm during the last war. Photograph by Desmond O'Neill. Muriel Bowen writes on page 605





A THOUSAND FOR CHARITY

The Pineapple Ball, held at Grosvenor House in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys, attracted just under a 1,000 guests. Why Pineapple? The name originated from the dome-shaped roof of the club's first home in Paddington.

1 Guests aiming for champagne at the hoop-la stall

2 Mr. R. Q. Drayson, who became Head Master of Stowe last year

3 Miss Kathrine Steinberg

4 Miss Sarah Mayhew, home from Switzerland, has the plaster on her broken leg autographed by Miss Nicola Agnew, watched by Miss Sally May, Mr. Robin Colville and Mr. Alastair Colvin (standing), and Miss Marion Samuel, Mr. Michael Hughesdon and stockbroker Mr. Robert Doxford

5 Miss Hilary Ritch 6 Miss Felicity Johnson

2



3



5



6



ACCORDING TO SIR GILES

BY MURIEL BOWEN

Sir Giles Guthrie, the new chairman of B.O.A.C., tells me that he is "absolutely in favour" of more husbands taking their wives on business trips abroad. We were talking about travelling habits and how they are changing. Sir Giles predicts that lots of people will be week-ending in Beirut within ten years and that the rich will be pushing farther on, to places like Kashmir. One of the secretaries in his office is off to Honolulu this year on holiday. Her boss admits to being frightened at the prospect of being asked by her where he is going. It may be Cornwall.

I was talking to SIR GILES & LADY GUTHRIE at their 13th-century home, Rowleys Farm, just by Gatwick Airport. He is flying to West Africa next month on the inaugural flight of the V.C. 10. "It will be just an ugly dart—there and back." Then in the autumn there is the inaugural flight of the V.C. 10 to India. He likes this plane, it is quiet and has a slower landing and take-off speed. "Passengers will feel serene in it."

JOB FOR ONE

Lady Guthrie is easily picked out in any social gathering. She is tall, and blonde and wears simple clothes with great distinction. Since her husband became B.O.A.C.'s chairman she goes to more social functions, and she will accompany him on some of the inaugural flights. Social life as such doesn't really interest her but she enormously enjoys chatting to people who "do things."

As well as a busy husband she has two grown-up sons who sound as enterprising as their parents. MALCOLM is in the car business in Birmingham and occasionally races hotted-up Fords. ALASTAIR is at his father's old college, Magdalene, Cambridge, where in his spare time he runs a blues group which is reputed to be very noisy.

Apart from all this Lady Guthrie is a farmer. "A real down-to-earth farmer," she says. "The purists would say I fall between two stools with my dual-purpose herd . . . but they're a good commercial proposition." The farm is about 200 acres and she grows all the fodder for the Red Poll herd of 45. Sir Giles occasionally "comments" on the fencing, drives the tractor, and according to his wife is "very good at cleaning up the yard when it is in a mess." He insists that he is an onlooker as far as the farm is concerned. "You can't have two people running an enterprise if it is to be successful."

NESTERS AT ROWLEY

Rowley Farm is a lively place and its

liveliest inhabitants are the 30 tropical birds with gaudy breasts that fly loose around Sir Giles & Lady Guthrie's bedroom. They were a present from one of their sons. The birds build nests in things like travelling clocks using Kleenex, cotton wool and embroidery wools, and in the summer the dawn chorus starts about 4 a.m. How does Sir Giles tolerate them? "He doesn't mind at all. In fact, I think he likes them very much. They used to go for his stud boxes, and chip the backs of his brushes, but we've stopped that."

Sir Giles tried setting the alarm for 6 a.m. when he took over his present job but found it didn't work. "I'm no good at paper work that hour of the morning." Now he catches up by doing an hour's reading in the car on his way to and also from work. "I feel I must be thorough about the paper work; people's whole careers can be affected by the decisions I take."

Leisure? "I try to give myself a whole day off every week." When he was at Eton he took up flying and later ocean racing. Last year he ordered a new ocean racer but he sold it unseen—it was one of the first things he did on becoming chairman of B.O.A.C. But he has made a mental note of the names of all those friends who have asked him to go sailing in their boats this year.

INSTANT PARTIES

Though LADY PAMELA BERRY is reputed to give a lot of parties I doubt very much if her husband, the HON. MICHAEL BERRY has to face very stiff liquor bills. The reason: people are much too busy talking to worry about drinks; they tend to wave them aside the better to engage in the burning topic at issue. Lady Pamela's parties sizzle like instant crêpe suzette. She is a party pace-setter by nature and a percipient and laconic critic of national affairs who seems for ever surrounded by people who make the country hum—or wait hopefully for the power to do so.

Her latest party was for the brief London visit of Mrs. KATHARINE GRAHAM, who is president of that formidable corporation which owns *The Washington Post* and *Newsweek*. The EARL OF DROGHEDA, who left a couple of days later for Peking, was there, and I also saw Mrs. DAVID BRUCE; Mr. DUNCAN SANDYS, M.P.; Mr. & Mrs. CHARLES WINTOUR; Mrs. PETER THORNEYCROFT; Mr. & Mrs. ROBERT ELSON; Mr. JAMES CALLAGHAN, M.P. & Mrs. CALLAGHAN; Mr. & Mrs. JOHN FREEMAN; and the EARL OF SANDWICH. The Earl puzzled one American woman. "I know he was Lord Hinchinbrooke and he was the Earl of Sandwich, but who is he now?"

Mrs. Graham who is in her forties has the lanky grace of a flamingo. People meeting her for the first time probably overlook her good manners

and her immense but unextravagant charm but one is immediately attracted by her ability to put an idea into a few highly descriptive words. She is a refreshingly unsolemn business potentate.

ADMIRABLE ARKLE

The excitement after the Gold Cup race at Cheltenham (*see pictures on page 608*) was such that the winner, ANNE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER's Arkle could scarcely have had more noisy, leaping fans if he were a Beatle. Admirers pulled hairs from his tail as souvenirs and Arkle didn't seem to mind. A quiet, sweet-tempered horse, when lying in his box he expects people to feed him sugar without requiring him to get up!

Excitement spilled over the paddock, not to mention all places of liquid refreshment. There were so many congratulations for Arkle's owner that inevitably, in the end, she lost her voice! The Duchess is not only a fine rider and good judge of a horse but also full of charm and personality. In Ireland where the horse is trained there was a bonfire, and there is to be a party in Dublin and probably another in Chester.

The Duchess bought Arkle at the Ballsbridge Sales for £1,150 and had him broken by her hunter groom, BILL VEAL, in Cheshire. Her immediate plan for him is the Irish Grand National on Easter Monday. Next year he will be after the Gold Cup again but there is no intention, ever, to run him in the Grand National.

Flashback to this column 25 September last year: The Duchess said, "People keep telling me what bad luck having Arkle the same year as Mill House, but I say 'poor Mill House!'"

PROSPEROUS PINEAPPLE

The Pineapple Ball brought over 1,000 people to Grosvenor House and added handsomely to the £30,000 which these gatherings have, over the years, made available to the work of the Stowe Club for Boys. The club with its imaginative programme of crafts and sports has given a new dimension to the lives of thousands of boys in the St. Marylebone-Paddington area.

"Some Old Stoics are very dedicated and do things like taking the boys sailing on their yachts," Mr. COLIN CLEUGH, the Ball chairman, told me. "We would like to hear from more people who could help in this way."

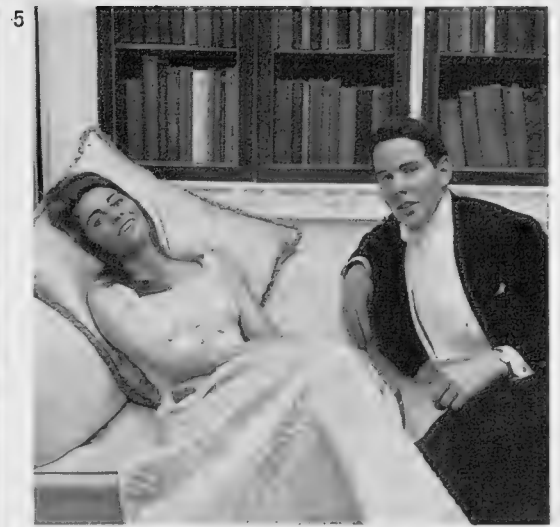
The Pineapple Ball (*see pictures opposite*) was a very young dance. There were not more than half a dozen grey heads. One reason for this is that Stowe is a comparatively new public school. I was told that there are no Old Stoics over the age of 55. The Mayor of St. Marylebone, Mr. LEONARD PEARL & Mrs. PEARL were at the ball, and others I saw included, Mr. JEREMY HAWTREY WOORE and his fiancée Miss JOSEPHINE TUCKER; Mr. ANTHONY WHITE; Miss JOANNE ROBINSON; and Miss JANE CHURCHILL.

THE GRAFTON THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

The Grafton Hunt Ball was held at Courteenhall, Northampton, 18th-century home of Sir Hereward & Lady Wake and notable for the elegant mirrors which reflected the guests

- 1 Sir Hereward & Lady Wake, at whose home the ball was held
- 2 Mr. & Mrs. Edward Courage and Lord Dilhorne, the Lord Chancellor
- 3 Colonel Neil Foster, joint M.F.H. of the Grafton, and Mrs. Grant-Ives
- 4 The drawing room at Courteenhall was the nucleus of the ball
- 5 Senorita Beatrice Caballero, who was a guest of Mr. & Mrs. Edward Courage, with Mr. Ian Paisley-Tyler, who hunts with the Pytchley
- 6 Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Whitbread
- 7 Miss Tessa Griffiths





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GOLD CUP GLORY



On the third day of the Cheltenham Race Meeting—Gold Cup Day—snow showers and even the bright alternating sunshine were ignored during the excitement of the main race when the much-fancied Mill House was overhauled by Arkle to win the Cheltenham Gold Cup for Anne Duchess of Westminster

- 1 Anne Duchess of Westminster, owner of the winning Gold Cup horse, Arkle
- 2 Mr. T. Dreaper, Arkle's trainer
- 3 Mrs. Pat Taaffe, whose husband rode Arkle
- 4 Miss Mary Frazier, a member of Mrs. Leonard Carver's party
- 5 Commander and Mrs. H. Hutchison-Bradburne from Scotland
- 6 Miss Susan Jackson
- 7 Lady Zinnia Melville
- 8 Arkle (No. 4).....leading over the last fence from Mill House





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PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN

SPRING AT THE WINTER GARDEN

High fashion came to the south coast at a charity showing of the Lachasse spring and summer Collection at the Winter Garden, Eastbourne. The event was organized by the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association and funds raised were used for the benefit of local families. Six models showed nearly 100 garments, 27 of which were suits from which the winner of the raffle could choose a prize

- 1 One of the ensembles shown, the name: New Love
- 2 Lady Tollemache was the chairman of the organizing committee of the show
- 3 Mrs. Robert Lamdin, whose daughter, Susan, is coming out this year
- 4 Lady Elizabeth Baxendale, niece of Earl Fortescue and wife of the High Sheriff of Sussex
- 5 Mrs. Quintin Gage
- 6 Mrs. Oliver White, chairman of the Brighton S.S.A.F.A. Appeals Committee

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

Flowers, fruit and good wishes are pouring into the Edinburgh home of Sir William McTaggart, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, who has just come out of hospital after a serious operation. "It was all very worrying, but fortunately everything seems to be going well," Lady McTaggart told me cheerfully.

Sir William's sudden illness interrupted a holiday which he and his wife had just begun in Spain. He had hoped to do a lot of painting there and he was planning to hold a one-man show in Newcastle later in the spring. The date is now indefinite, for Sir William will be recuperating for quite some time. However, Lady McTaggart says that though they will not be going back to Spain this year, they are looking forward to visiting Scandinavia in the summer. Lady McTaggart is herself Norwegian, and tells me she likes to go back to Norway every year. Though trained at an art school there, she much prefers writing about art to painting.

One occasion which Sir William is firmly determined not to miss is the Royal Scottish Academy reception in April—which is the major social event in the Scottish art year.

Another recent invalid whose temperament does not allow her to enjoy ill health is Mrs. Farquharson, wife of Captain A. A. C. Farquharson of Invercauld. She has recently returned to her lovely Deeside home, Invercauld Castle, after a stay in a London nursing home.

"I just took my secretary with me and worked right on," Mrs. Farquharson told me, her American accent still pleasantly marked after her many years in Scotland. Mrs. Farquharson has that superabundance of energy that seems to characterise her countrywomen, and she has turned it all to the good of her adopted homeland.

SCOTS' OWN FESTIVAL

Her Invercauld Galleries and Festival Theatre have done much to put Scottish crafts, and Scottish talents generally, firmly on the international map. Many Americans come over every year to her all-Scottish Festival at Braemar and this year's (the eleventh) is, she tells me, going to be bigger than ever.

As well as the usual programmes of drama, music and dancing, she is planning an all-Scottish Film Festival with one film a week from 4 June to 24 September. There

will also be a Drama Fortnight given by the Invercauld Players. This is the first year that this amateur group (most of them are teachers) have come together under this name and to mark the occasion they will present *The Earl of Mar*, a play especially written for this year's Festival by Charles Barron.

Another innovation will be a fashion show using entirely Scottish fabrics, and local models. "We have so many pretty women in Braemar that I decided to train them to be models," said Mrs. Farquharson. And she will—she knows the fashion game inside out. She has also designed some of the fabrics and dresses to be shown. It takes more than a long illness to keep Mrs. Farquharson down.

Braemar Castle, the Farquharson's other Deeside home, is to be open early to the public this year—at Easter weekend, and then from the beginning of May until the middle of October.

HISTORIC HOME REPRIEVED

Cardross, the late 16th-century home of Sir Ronald and Lady Orr Ewing at Port of Menteith, Stirlingshire, has just received a Ministry

of Works maintenance grant. "I don't know what would have happened to the house otherwise," Lady Orr Ewing told me. "I suppose it would just have deteriorated. One can't go on patching for ever."

KEEPING THE RAIN OUT

The grant will be used mainly for repairs to the roof and to reharl the outside. Sir Ronald, who inherited Cardross in 1960, has already made a lot of improvements to the inside. Since he came out of the Scots Guards at the end of the war he has given his attention to farming and forestry work and now runs the Cardross estate. Cardross has been in the hands of the Orr Ewings for many years—first leased by Sir Ronald's grandfather and finally bought in 1930 by his father—and, with the present family of two sons and two daughters, it's likely to remain that way.

The Orr Ewings' younger daughter, Fiona, is to have her coming-out ball at Cardross on 21 August. "It's the first time we've had a coming-out ball here," said Lady Orr Ewing. It will be shared by Mrs. Hubert Elliot's daughter, Camilla Cathcart, and Mrs. Peter Pitman's daughter, Carol. J.P.



LENARE



BASSANO & VANDYK



STEPHENS ORR

1 Miss Edith Elaine Chiene to Mr. R. W. Whewell: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. George T. Chiene, of Ravelston Dykes, Edinburgh. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. T. Whewell, of Lichfield Court, Richmond, Surrey.

2 Miss Susan Jane Barclay to Mr. Jeromy Cecil Turner: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Richard H. Barclay, of Kingsborough Gardens, Glasgow, W.2. He is the son of Dr. & Mrs. Ronald Turner, of The Gables, Bracknell, Berkshire.

3 Bride at St. John The Evangelist Church, Edinburgh, was Miss Louise Forsyth, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. W. Forsyth, of Cotswold, Barnton Avenue, Edinburgh. She married Mr. Struan Wiley, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. Nixon Wiley, of Glen Shee, West Hartlepool.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED...

TO WILLIAM SANSOM

My pregnant wife and I had lately removed to a house in St. John's Wood, rustic and Victorian, and well within bugle-call of the barracks of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery. Each night the Last Post bravely died through the purpling green of trees in June leaf, past young owls piping in high branches, across dusky grey London slate and browned-off garden walls—a melancholy sound much in despondent tune with my wife's ambivalent anguish: pray God it will be a whole baby, and pray Him doubly that I may be given a good Mother's Help if He has such a thing.

And into our lives, from a sacking in Golders Green, stepped a two-legged nugget of green gold, a brilliant farmer's daughter from far-off Austria. For want of a reasonable pseudonym, let me call her Maria. She was all my wife had ever prayed for. Not only did she work like the devil, but laughed as she did so; not only did she do what was asked, which was quite enough, but rushed round putting lavender in drawers and hammering down carpets, throwing up curtains and confecting rosettes of the breakfast butter. She took *pleasure* in ironing—and the German word for 'to iron' is *bügeln*, another happy augury. My wife nearly fainted, from an access of either thwarted egalitarianism or paradisiacal gratitude, when she had her hand kissed with a merry little bob; and I grew fat watching this soil-maddened daughter of distant vineyards out in the garden, long past bugle and even *Bügel* call, *digging it up by moonlight*.

Came the baby, on the Health in a hospital at St. Alban's, with the proud husband squatted nearby in a hotel called the Peahen. On the Birthday, he raced back by Green Line to London with the news. Maria's wholly participant joy was immortalized on the following day in writing. "Mrs. Cadoger," she scribbled on a timeless scrap of paper to a Mrs. Cadogan who was coming to stay, "we have a son."

Mother and child returned. All was bliss. It was a good summer, too. Maria did most things, and still gardened hard. A true farmer's daughter, she could not bear to see a mite of soil unused or ill-tended. Swiss nursing certificates and a few years in Vienna had not spoiled her. Hardworking and good-natured, she loved house, home and land. It was like living before the Wars. And she even went out

walking with a cavalryman from the nearby horse-barracks.

One evening she reported that this soldier had asked her what she would like as a special present. What should it be? We all went through the possibilities. Diamonds? Furs? No—seriously—chocolates? Handkerchiefs? A bag?

"Flowers, Maria, of course," we finally said.

She nodded. Then a dreamy look came across her face. "Flowers," she whispered, and her eyes turned towards the barracks, "I wonder when I am doing!"

"But why ever not?"

She put a finger to her lips and blushed. Then blazed with delight. "I will, I will!" she shouted. "This evening!"

There was plainly more at stake than we knew.

Do you know the ceremonial uniform of the King's Troop? Of the hussar type, dark blue frogged with yellow, scarlet-striped, busby aloft? An outfit well-suited to this daughter of Léhar-land, and we wishfully dreamed that her escort would be wearing it on the soft summer's evening when together they would stroll away from the shadow of the Winter Riding School and along by Gothic villas and their creeper-hung walls. The scent of roses would lie thick on the air. A gnat would hum. He would lean to her shell-like ear and repeat his offer. Then the shy word whispered back, click of heels, salute. "Flowers? *A votre service, madame!*"

And the clink of chivalrous spurs by the musk-scented stable doors, and the roses, roses thick on the air...

Two days later, on the way up towards the barracks, I ran into her. Fresh-faced, delighted, against the flaky pastry of Victorian stucco, she was strutting along with a large brown sack clasped in her arms. "I have it got!" she cried.

"What?"

"My present!"

"Flowers?" I muttered to the sack.

"Ja!" she said. "Now we have many flowers, isn't it?" And opened the top, sniffing the bouquet with drugged delight, to show it brimful with the most precious substance any gardener can get in these horseless-carriage days. And was off at top speed, radiant and proud and beautiful, to bury her treasure in the impatient, all-devouring earth.

Words by J. Roger Baker/Photographs by Iain Stewart Macmillan

A MONSTROUS BUSINESS

A horrible thing happened to me on the way to lunch with a film director. I came face to bandaged face with his latest creation—six-and-a-half feet of mummified Pharaoh lately risen from his tomb.

It had been a pleasant morning, too. As the train made its amiable progress from St. Pancras I brooded quietly over Bram Stoker, Edgar Allan Poe and Lewis (M. G. not C. S.), giving a passing thought to Mary Shelley and even Mrs. Radcliffe. They would probably have been delighted to know that the initially literary school of horror to which they contributed so potently was being continued in the cinema. This was what I was on my way to Boreham Wood to explore.

The mummy turned out to be a friendly fellow really. He put down his *Daily Mail* for a moment to tell me he found it an intriguing role; that it took nearly an hour to get into his bandages; that he would play another monster given half a chance; that he thought it was a bit of a giggle at first but had been impressed by the rushes he'd seen so far.

He then lumbered up a staircase to place one grisly paw on the palpitating diaphragm of the delectable heroine lying in a state of collapse and green chiffon and returned to his newspaper. "I haven't any dialogue, I rely on what the director tells me," he murmured.

This film is going to be called *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb*, a variant by Hammer Films on their earlier success which was called *The Mummy* which was a remake with variations of the Boris Karloff classic which was called *The Mummy*. This sort of thing can go on indefinitely, of course; Hammer have done two *Dracula* ideas and three *Frankensteins*.

"There are only two basic horror plots—the monster and the vampire," Michael Carreras—writer, director and producer of the latest *Mummy*—explained, "and one rings the changes. I have just written a new version of the werewolf story. Quite accidentally this ends in such a way that another instalment could easily follow."

Mr. Carreras was pouring drinks and talking horror with specific reference to Hammer Films which, since 1954, has as one wit put it "pumped new blood into the (British film) industry." Hammer's first effort was *The Quatermass Experiment*, based on the television serial. It was discovered that audiences were more attracted by the horror content than the science fiction angle, so they decided to make a classic horror story and came up with *The Curse of Frankenstein*.

"For the first time horror films were

treated as feature pictures. They were well done and good to look at and created quite a stir on both sides of the Atlantic," Mr. Carreras recalled.

The film critic C. A. Lejeune took a different view. "I feel inclined to apologize to all decent Americans," she wrote in *The Observer*, "for sending them work in such sickening bad taste." Bad taste or not, the stream of gothic horror continued and so did the criticism. "They present the image of science as a dark and sinister force capable of destroying mankind and engulfing the world," said a sad scientist. But Hammer were happy: "No exhibitor has yet lost money on one of our films," stated Mr. James Carreras, the managing director.

The richness of the settings (even if it is often a vague Victorian twilight running to gas lamps and bobbled tablecloths) and loving attention to eyes in jars and severed limbs are aspects of these films that addicts love and even non-addicts admire. The camera lingers gently on the gloomy castles and derelict mountains just as the early horror writers did. And one of the basic precepts of Mrs. Shelley's original *Frankenstein* is still faithfully adhered to—an insistence on the monster's human qualities.

Mary Shelley packed a lot into that book she wrote after a restless night following a discussion of the supernatural, especially the work of "Monk" Lewis, with her husband and Byron. There is a fair whack of her distinguished papa, William Godwin's, hatred of social inequality, and there are the common backgrounds of desolate nature that Miss Austen sent up in *Northanger Abbey*. But the monster himself is a variant of the noble savage. He only does evil when unjustly harmed by society because he is hideous. This basic human quality in the monster—be he mummy, vampire, werewolf or phantom of the opera—is strongly emphasized by Carreras. He recalled the *Quatermass* film: "Even in the last shot of all when the man was unrecognizable, a mass crawling over Westminster Abbey, he retained a human identity. If you cared to look there was one eye, and when the thing was electrocuted it screamed. The reason I don't do pure science fiction is because some creature from outer space, or a walking vegetable with no human attributes, carries no conviction." One of the most experienced monster players is Christopher Lee who has said that a sense of pathos is important in the parts: "Even *Dracula* has what somebody called 'the loneliness of evil'."

Before the eager public shells out



Michael Carreras is directing *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb* for Columbia. The Mummy (top) is played by Dickie Owen

continued from page 613

Lelia Goldoni in *Hysteria* being made for M.G.M., and (top right) Jimmy Sangster who wrote it

shillings for shudders, the censor takes a brisk look at the goods. "It's difficult to please everyone. The various distribution companies make various demands. We have to be more horrific to go on the Japanese circuits than for those here. Nothing really nasty is allowed in this country, such as showing a hand being cut off—it must be done without the audience actually seeing the act. The censor is getting stronger. We can show pure horror, we can show sex—but not at the same time. I think it's a good thing really—after all if we took basic freedom for granted where would it all end?"

Technicolor monsters are not Hammer's only subject. Across the road another of their productions was being filmed. This, while still under the generic title of horror, is a quite different article—a psychological drama written and produced by Jimmy Sangster.

"I was weaned on monsters," he told me, "my first dozen scripts were monster subjects. They are fairy stories dealing with the impossible." Lately Mr. Sangster has been specializing in one-word title psychological numbers: *Maniac*, *Paranoiac*, *Nightmare*. The current film follows the same pattern—it's called *Hysteria*. "These deal with the improbable. There are no two-headed creatures—but people with, one might say, two heads mentally. This can be far more frightening as one can achieve a stronger audience identification. It is difficult to do but I prefer it."

If the trappings for the *Mummy* film are rich and claustrophobic in a gothicky way, the trappings for *Hysteria* are the same in modern terms. "The sort of penthouse flat full of mobiles, modern sculpture and rubber plants a man could go mad in," so it was described. And its chief ornament is Miss Lelia Goldoni—famous from the improvised colour-bar film *Shadows*—who welcomes this new picture as an opportunity to shake off the label of arty that her first film pasted on her.

Before leaving the studios I glanced at a roster of future Hammer plans. I noted with mixed feelings that we are promised *The Gorgon*, *Brainstorm*, *The Zombie*, *The Reptiles* (ugh) and *Fanatic*. Enough there to keep Mary Shelley awake all night. "We set out to frighten and to entertain," says Carreras. "These films are pure escapism, an escape from the kitchen sink—both at home and in entertainment." And Sangster says: "I couldn't write a comedy script and it isn't fashionable to cry, so . . .". He shrugged, and added: "The audience go to be scared . . . they like to be frightened without coming to any harm."





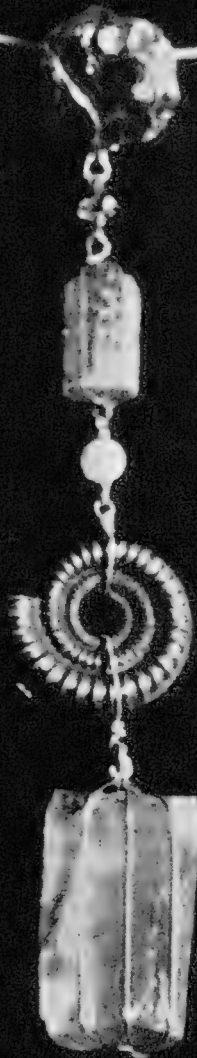


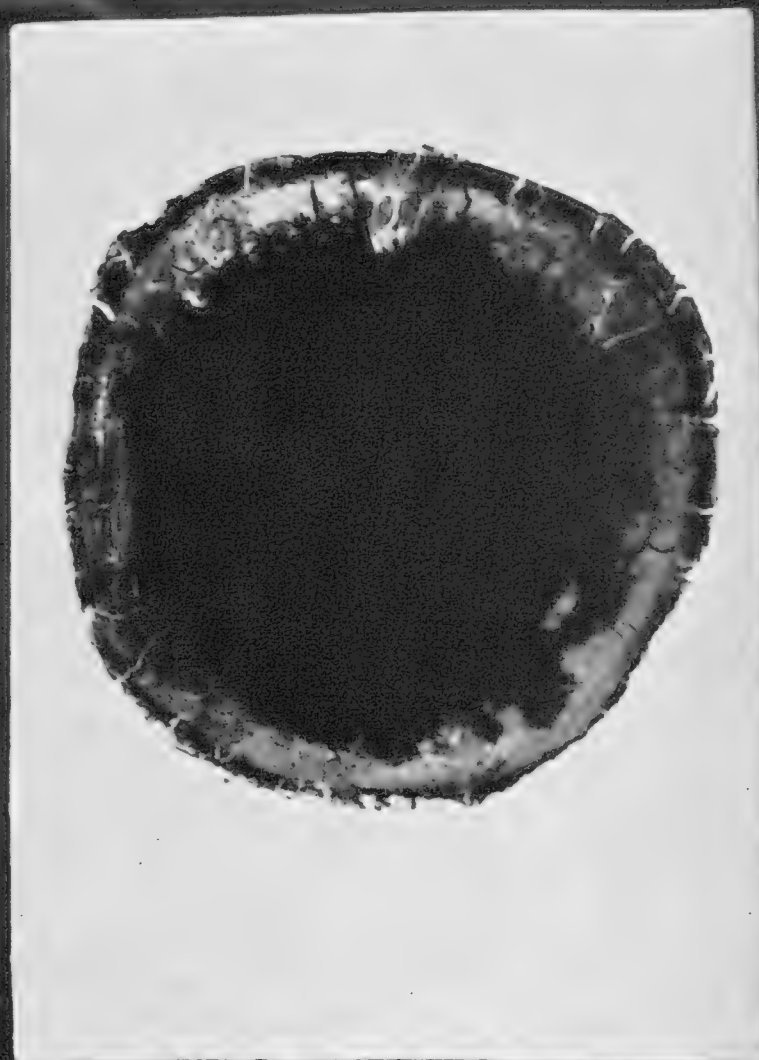
THE YOUNG ONES

Presenting a gallery of new names in jewellery design whose youth is reflected in the excitement and originality of their work. Barry Swaebe took the pictures and Jennifer Haynes reports

GIRDA FLOCKINGER lives in a Victorian house in Hampstead with an elegant orphan tabby she found in the Portobello Road. Though she would not yet place herself in the "ultimate comfort" bracket she admits to doing very well on the strength of designs like the necklace which frames her face on this page. It is a smooth silver band with a pendant of amethyst, fossil ammonite, quartz and pyrites. Her workshop is a tiny place, with bench, stool, rows of small shelves, lots of light, a venomous blowlamp, miniature "dentist's tools", pots of powdered enamel and a scattered mass of stones, ores and fossils. She uses silver, gold, pearls, moonstones, subtly coloured semi-precious stones and softest-toned enamels. When she uses pieces of pyrites and fossil they are worked on to the most slender links of gold and silver so that any impression of crudity vanishes and one only sees the beauty of the colour and shapes. She spent three years in fine arts at St. Martin's. "I wasn't very good or very bad but I managed to hold the course. Mary Quant and Alexander Plunkett-Green came to the school at about the time they were struggling to begin. They bought some of my stuff. I suppose it was a big day but in

retrospect it all seemed to happen very slowly and calmly. From then on I did a fair amount of work for Bazaar. I also had another shop window at Worth's my mother designed for them and I got my work in on the shows. So much depends on recommendation." Miss Flockinger has a practical and professional approach to her work. "It has to stand wearing and knocking about; it's no use dreaming up something like a 'mobile' if it won't hold together. You've no idea how difficult it is to make a necklace fit, especially if it comes well up the neck; everyone has different muscle shapes around the shoulders. Then again there's the problem of designing for a particular person, especially if they are vague about the requirements." She still claims that she doesn't work nearly hard enough and she intends to paint more and to write. Future plans include a return visit to Tangier with the intention to stay just one month but the likelihood of remaining four as she did the last time





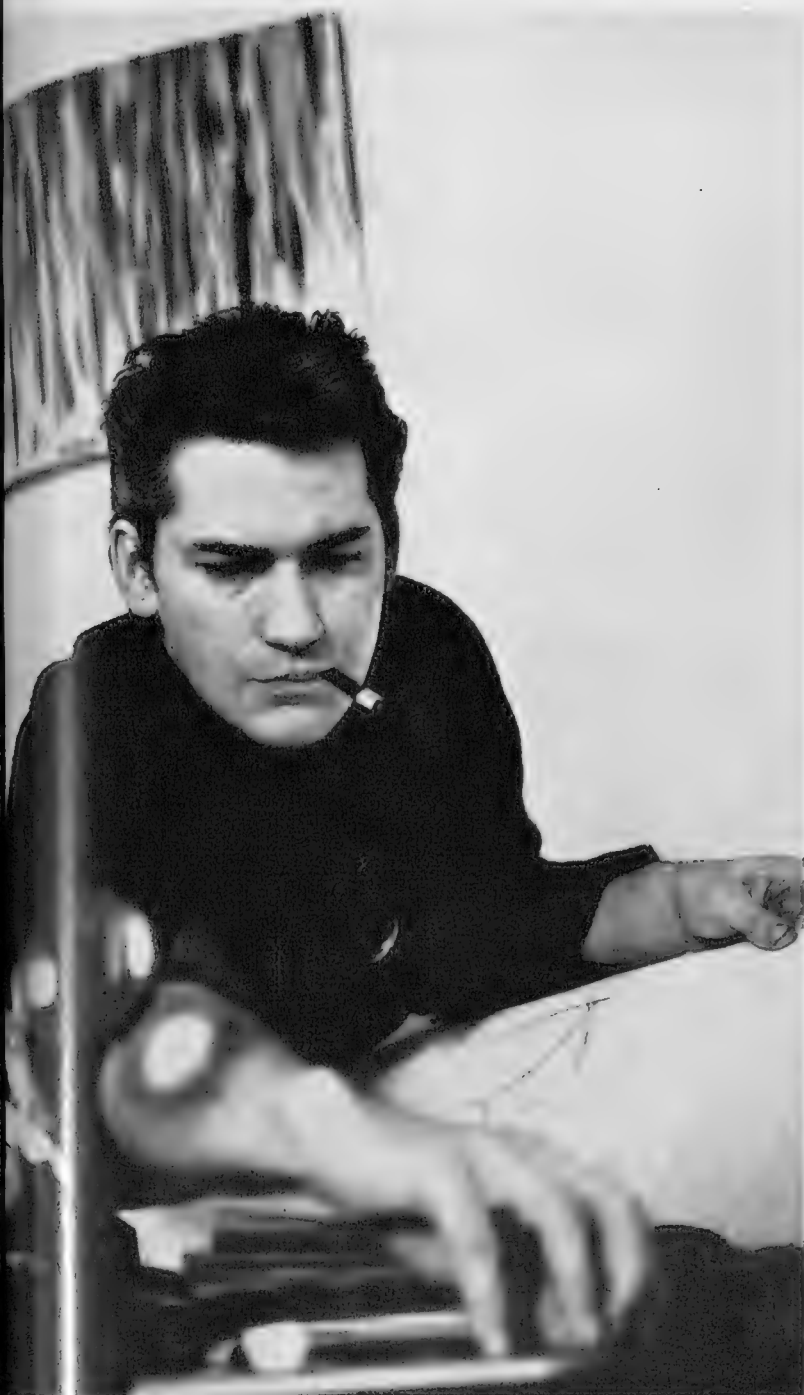
JEANNE THÉ was born in Java; her parents are Indonesian, her grandmother Chinese. She was educated in Dutch colonial schools until the age of 15 when the family left Indonesia and settled in the Black Forest, where they have lived for the last eight years. Jeanne went to art school in Stuttgart, later studied jewellery at the Royal College. Now 23, she lives in Hampstead with her husband, German commercial artist Peter Kalkhof. A mixture of Asiatic fantasy and European positivity shows in her work. She designed and made the necklace she wears in the picture. "It's silver and it feels heavy and valuable and comforting to wear. It wouldn't have been at all right in gold, people would think it was brass or gilt however real it looked. Of course 15 years in Indonesia has affected my approach to design but it's a form of lightness, a mood, more than traditional design." The hanging on the wall of her home is an Indonesian cotton sarong, the painting is an abstract by her artist husband



CAROL RUSSELL, 26, created a precedent when she left the Royal College last year by taking honours in five different design subjects. Yorkshire-born she moved often from school to school as her father travelled about. He is now head of Music Departments at the L.C.C. and responsible for two of the London Children's Orchestras. Her mother is a 'cellist and Carol plays the trumpet. Her first training was as a painter at the Chelsea College of Art and later at the Royal College, but she has developed tremendous versatility as a designer. Most of her vacations have been spent travelling, chiefly in Scandinavia. In Finland she was given her first chance to design jewellery—a ring—by architect and glass designer Alvar Aalto. Since then she

has worked in Berlin, Brussels, Stockholm, Paris, has also made three visits to Russia. She is currently in partnership with Tony Laws in Newburgh Street where they take on commissions in ceramics, glass and wood, but concentrate on jewellery. "I think in terms of space, you have to use all three dimensions as you would in architecture." The necklace she wears is a fascinating chain of repeated motifs, which can be back-lined on itself to create a three-dimensional Cubist jigsaw of soft gleaming silver. She teaches at Hornsey School of Art three days a week

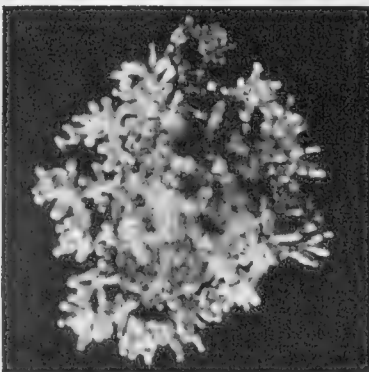
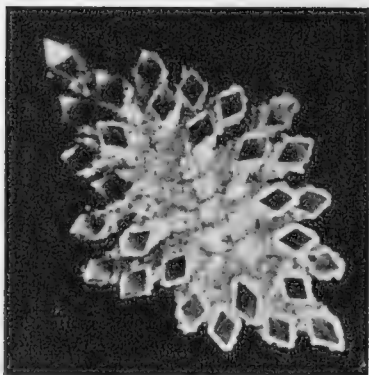
CHARLES DE TEMPLE 31, (above right) began his professional life as a sculptor, spent his early years wandering footloose over the continents of North and South America, taking itinerant jobs but on occasion working with people like Jackson Pollock and Alexander Calder. The training may have been unorthodox, the results are certainly impressive. Work like the necklace and earrings (next column) in gold, amethyst and diamonds, has won him considerable acclaim. This set, called *Skirl of the Pipes*, attempts to evoke the sound of pipe music, was commissioned for a special exhibition in Glasgow recently. De Temple's work is being acquired by Goldsmiths' Hall for their reference collections and there have been exhibitions in



city after city. He says of his own work: "I want people to realize that it is possible to have jewellery about them that is truly personal, doesn't cost the earth, that has a meaning and isn't a stereotyped ugly setting for some tasteless great rock" All his pieces derive from living natural forms, often have Daliesque names like *Bug on Mouldy Leaf* and *Topaz Log*. Each is an unique piece of sculpture in gold, textured to resemble moss, or flaking wood or any other of the unpredictable forms of nature. "I've always aimed to scale down a work of art, to make it portable . . . why not miniature sculptures and why always attached to you? Why not just beautiful things for your pocket or your handbag, to take out and look at any time?"

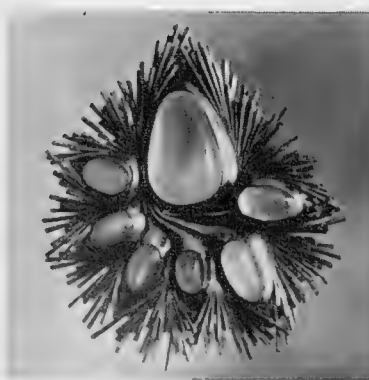
CAROLINE COUCHMAN is the daughter of a retired admiral and a girl who loves hunting, whether at home in Co. Carlow or here in the South of England. She refused a deb season, chose instead to spend a year at the Sorbonne. Back in Dublin she founded and made a success of a pottery. "But the demand for imaginative stuff is very limited in Dublin! In the end we found we were making more and more 'bits of old Ireland' for the tourists and that wasn't for me, so I gave the whole thing up." Next she spent a year studying jewellery in London at the Central School and soon was showing such promise that the Goldsmiths' Hall took her up: With a grant from them she is working in a dream workshop surrounded by

the most advanced and sophisticated machines. Caroline has a strong sense of design. "I get a lot of my first ideas from photomicrography. There's a whole world of shapes and forms to be found in quite ordinary things magnified and blown up—but of course your mind wanders on and you find other ideas developing on their own." The brooch she is wearing is one of her own pieces—a slice of pink and green tourmalines set in a halo of yellow and red gold tentacles. "I love working with gold. It isn't so long ago that I was scared of it—just terrified of getting it scratched in the wrong places. What I want most now is to be able to collect some pieces together, catch people's eyes and then pray for commissions."



JOHN DONALD (*below*) has a mews workshop in Bayswater with a comfortable home above it. His work is highly characteristic and immediately recognisable. "I have always been fascinated by crystal growth and I try to recreate these forms in the metal itself, using my jewels to emphasize this structure rather than to show themselves off." The two brooches shown

here bear out his statement. The diamond-shaped one at the top has a clustered diamond centre surrounded by angled columns of gold. The second has a centre of crysocola, a blue-green stone surrounded by gold which takes the same curling tentacled shape of the stone and is set with aquamarines. Donald now has a solid background of success but still talks of the days when he had to design luggage just to keep going. He has strong preferences in design: "I have little time for bleak, spare jewellery that looks as though it could have come off a machine. I love the Victorian style, intricate, thoughtful and honestly decorative." Future plans include a change of address: "Business is expanding and so is the family; this place in Bayswater just isn't big enough"



DAVID THOMAS, 26, (*below*) made this pendant of mixed golds set with moonstones which are laid in beds of silver giving them an extra light and translucence. Thomas, now an extremely experienced craftsman, has been making jewellery since he was 13. "Crazy, isn't it, but I never thought of doing anything else. My parents gave me a workshop, a shed actually, out in the garden at home in Hampton Court to keep me out of their way, and I'm still there." He had his first professional job in Sweden, sandwiching a year there in between two years each at Twickenham Art School and the Royal College. "I bluffed my way into the

Royal Jewellers in Stockholm with next to no real experience. They gave me a job repairing and soldering a necklace of emeralds in platinum. Just about the most terrifying thing to handle, but I managed it and they accepted me." Thomas teaches at the Central School, is a fanatic on technical excellence and finish quite apart from design. His gold is mostly intricately worked and set often with pinpoint of bright, definite colour like stained glass windows. He has so many commissions now that he employs assistants, admits he must expand and is looking for premises in Central London.





floriade

Counterspy by Elizabeth Williamson

Something's happening, down in the flower patch. The rarest blooms have either twined themselves into small, convoluted masses like a Victorian Miss school print or they are standing to attention with lots of space between them and the next plant. Single stemmed pink rose blooms in photogravure perfection on a plain white ground. By Shand Kydd at John Line: 16s. a roll. Flowercheck, clockwise: Orange briar roses twine over a white Tana lawn by Liberty. 9s. 11d. a yard from their Tana lawn department where there are some of the smallest flower prints in London: minute bunches that are very pretty for children's clothes.

Replanting of a Tudor domestic wallpaper whose charm relies on a small, geometric spacing. Reprint from a specimen at the Victoria & Albert by Coles of Mortimer Street. Called "The Stratford." The colour with the most floral charm is blue on white: 30s. a roll. Reflowering of the crusty ceiling look in a wallpaper by Shand Kydd in hazy blue on terracotta. Paper called "The Halsbury:" 17s. at John Line. Revolving flower pattern in golds and sunny apricots on black. Cotton twill by Liberty. 36 ins. wide: 12s. 9d. a yard.

AT BALENCIAGA

Coats were narrow, collarless, or with back fullness from deep, curving yokes . . . Suits were lightly shaped with hip-level jackets, or longer, straighter, often double-breasted . . . sleeves were most often raglan or dolman shaped . . . wonderful little jumper suits, collarless or shirt-collared, had sleeves just capping the shoulder, or no sleeves at all . . . skirts hung straight, many with deep panel pleats . . . dresses were soft, unshaped, tie-belted, or slim with deeply bloused backs . . . evening dresses were slender, soft, unemphatic, with inimitable embroidery . . . colours were beige, honey, sand, much white, navy, brown, turquoise and shell pink. Fabrics: heavy silks, weightless tweeds, an abundance of crêpes, matelassés, linen and more linen

Smoothly perfect tunic dress in sand-coloured rough silk has a wide-open, flat collar, a single gardenia worn dead-centre. The intricate side seams curve into little crescent pockets. A big, squashy white straw beret is worn side-angled

the international line

UNITY BARNES TAKES A SECOND LOOK AT PARIS AND SKIMS THE CREAM OF THE FIRST ARRIVALS FROM THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN COLLECTIONS TO REACH THE LONDON SHOPS
DRAWINGS BY CROSTHWAIT / PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIC SINGH





Left: Beige heavy silk suit, the jacket lightly in-curved, straight-backed, the skirt with deep, unpressed panel pleats across the front. Worn over a navy silk blouse, with a navy organza scarf tying under the collar in a huge, soft bow. The little back-tilted bowler is in navy felt



Balenciaga's honey-coloured soft wool coat is narrow-fronted with a deeply curved back-yoke continuing into the wide sleeves—a line which he repeated in suits and dresses, too. Copies at Harrods, in the original and other fabrics. Mahogany brown chip straw toque, at Harrods

Balenciaga's olive linen two-piece dress has a yoke running high across the bias-cut front, dipping lower at the back; no ornament but a creamy-yellow rose. One of the prettiest of his many little linen dresses, this one is copied by Harrods in the original and other fabrics. The cream straw hat, by Paulette, is also at Harrods

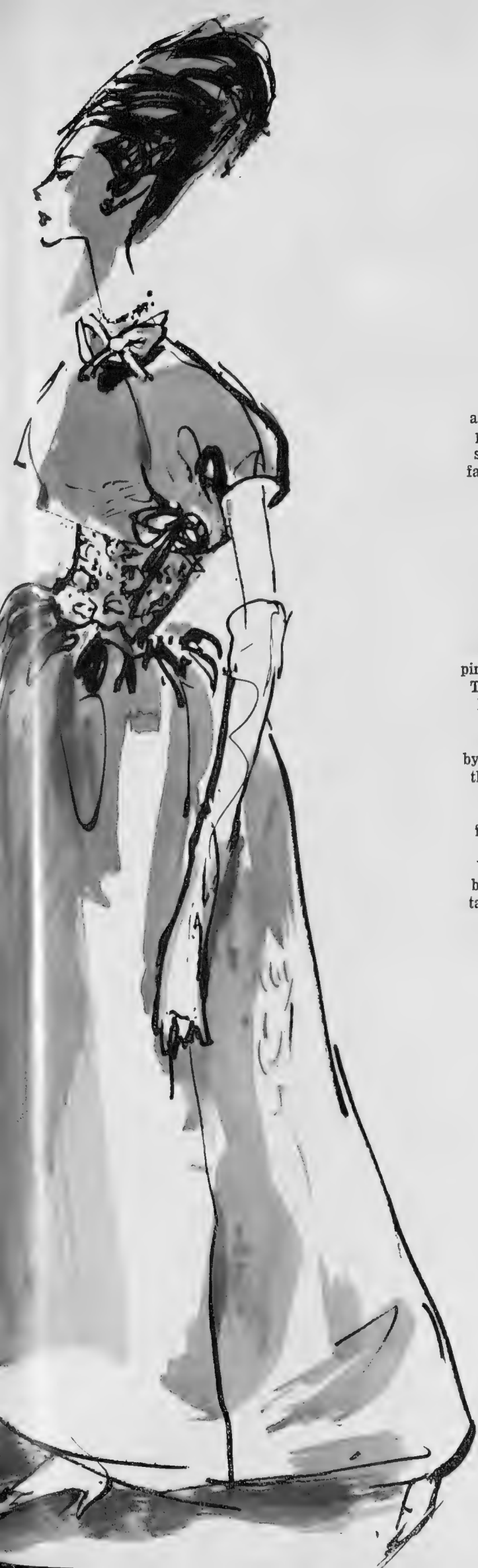
AT GIVENCHY

Shoulders were wide yet soft on coats and suits . . . coats had curving, raglan sleeves, or dropped shoulder seams from deep yokes; collars were small and neat, or up-standing, or non-existent . . . suits had wide, straight jackets, or curved closer with narrow belts . . . skirts were panel-pleated, or softly front-gathered . . . crisp little white linen blouses were mostly sleeveless, often with collars overlapping the suit . . . dresses buttoned slant-wise, had close-fitting cap sleeves; printed silk dresses were worn with little waist-length capes to match . . . evening dresses were all princesse or waist-fitted with skirt fullness below thickly embroidered bodices and jackets . . . colours were navy, beige, turquoise, pinks, white, many greens . . . Fabrics: soft woollens, coarse silk tweed in Oriental colours, silks with tiny, formal prints, linen right through the day and evening, and even for the bride . . .

This page: Straight coat in emerald heavy silk tweed has a deep yoke squared off across the shoulders, small stand-up collar, concealed front buttons. Beneath it goes a little sleeveless suit in cream linen, the jacket loosely circled by a white kid belt above a skirt with a gathered front panel. The hat, a turban of emerald silk minutely printed in black

Opposite page: Rose pink chiffon dress with a billowy skirt, the smallest possible bolero fastening diagonally with two soft bows. In between, the bodice of the dress is a classic camisole shape, heavily encrusted with white and green beads (Exclusive models—reproduction forbidden)





CHANEL'S collection was alive with pretty, pale colours and soft, thistledown fabrics, fashioned into her characteristic little suits and slender coats.

This one, in clover pink and white bobbly wool, is worn over a chiffon dress printed in pinks and yellows. To Chanel go the honours for this season's rave hairstyle, worn by all her models: the hair, brushed smoothly back from a thick fringe, is held at the nape by a big black ribbon bow. Photograph taken in Chanel's Paris salon, by Norman Eales







Opposite
page:
Fresh-as-
paint suit
in thickly
ribbed white
wool jersey,
a navy silk
scarf looped
under the
collar.
From the
Yves
Saint Laurent
Boutique
Collection at
Fortnum
& Mason.
Navy straw
hat with
gardenia
to the fore
by Otto Lucas

This page:
Navy
facecloth
blazer,
steel
buttoned,
nautically
severe, over
a dead plain
white jersey
dress. Again
from the Yves
Saint Laurent
Boutique
Collection
at Fortnum
& Mason.
White
panama hat
by Otto Lucas.
Both hats are
at Fortnum
& Mason too



Opposite page:
Baratta of Rome makes a narrow jacket of oyster-white heavy silk, widening at the hem, puts it over a black silk dress with a two-piece look, back-buttons on the bodice. Big black straw hat by Otto Lucas, both at Debenham & Freebody

Below left: Tiktiner's suit in soft mossy-grey bouclé mohair is strictly seamed to fit gently. The blouse is in green and cream print silk, tie-belted. At Woollands 31 Shop. Sea-green hat with big flat bow by Peter Shepherd at Woollands

Below: From Italy, a soft mohair and wool suit in primrose yellow blended with white. The lining and quilted collar are in yellow shantung, which also makes the sleeveless blouse. 44 gns. at Harvey Nichols





NEW BEAUTY GAMES

The newest thing is the beauty game. These kits are constructed around the beguiling idea that the actual bread-and-butter business of putting something on your face can be stimulated by making the mechanics an elaborate child's game.

Play with Eylure's Shado-rama paint box. This kit has a paint box layout for eyeshadow colours. Pastel blue, green and a soft violet; silver and a rich chestnut for shadowing the lid plus a flat-ended applicator brush; 12s. 3d.

Play at building a new nail next time a broken or split one shatters your life. There are finger masks, a nail gel and nail liquid in this kit. First you pick a mask to fit the nail, then apply

nail liquid in two coats. Finally use a pea-sized portion of the nail gel to model yourself a new nail—apply nail liquid and allow to dry. File it down and Snap! the new nail looks completely real. Model Nail by Taylor Cosmetics; 2 gns. There is a demonstrator now at Marshall & Snelgrove.

Play the Katy bow game after six. There are stiffish ones in voile or velvet at Galeries Lafayette that just pin on. Or better still, tie your own Katy bow with a loop of semi-stiff ribbon. The great game of dressing-up is played (*above*) by Gordon St. Claire with a floppy bow at the nape of a gentle, drawn back hairstyle with hair wound in and out.

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

on plays

AND NOW, IN COMPLETE CONTRAST

We ought to have known, of course, that so shrewd an impresario as Harold Fielding would not be so rash as to attempt to revive the corpse of old-time music hall, but we still went to the Prince Charles Theatre to see **Fielding's Music Hall** with high hopes. Not that many of us really knew what we were hoping for. In spite of our pundit-poses few of us were old enough to have seen the real thing. But we had a fixed idea (gleaned from secondhand sources and the Players' Theatre) of what it was like—smoke-hazy atmosphere, gaslight and the smell of beer, raucous gavel-rapping master of ceremonies, cat-calling audience, steatopygous chorus girls, brown boots with evening dress in the orchestra pit, bawdy comic, melodramatic interlude, tawdry costumes, sentimental songs, jingoism—and we blamed Mr. Fielding because his show was not like that. (If it had been we would, of course, have blamed him just the same. But that is by the way.)

Our hearts sank when we saw the smart new theatre, refurbished with bright red plush, and we made notes on our programmes: *Fake gas-lamps* and *Phoney, cardboard curtains*. And when the curtains (not the cardboard ones) went up and a breezy young

man, dressed 1964-Edwardian style, bounced (literally) on to the stage to announce the show we wrote: *no moustache, no gavel*. Later we discovered that this was one-half of Hope and Keen, crosstalking acrobats, and forgave him for not being the Master of Ceremonies. But that was much later, by which time we had given up our dream of old-time music hall and noted in our programme that it was, by turns: revue, cabaret, pantomime, variety, circus and charity matinée.

To revue belonged *March Past*, a little sketch which starts with some subtle comedy at the expense of an important female taking a regimental salute but develops into slapstick, and *Wimbledon 1907*, a mimed tennis match which, again, starts amusingly but degenerates into unfunny horseplay. To cabaret belongs Marcia Owen, a brassy-voiced singer in the Tucker-Merman tradition, belting out such lyrics as: *Talk about red hot mamas, She's the polar bear's pajamas*. So, too, does *Take off a little bit*, in which an unsteatopygous chorus do an arch little strip-without-tease number.

Pure pantomime, London Palladium 1960s style, are *Jewel Girl* and *The Lovely Lights of London*—the pulchritudinous chorus overdressed this time in

costumes designed by Loudon Sainthill to conceal their natural beauty under his bizarre imagination. A touch of the circus is provided by a strong man act—iron bar bending and telephone directory tearing—the Duo de Mille, and latter-day efforts to keep variety alive are epitomized by the all-singing, all-dancing, all-joking, all-tumbling Hope and Keen.

But the greater part of the show is "charity matinée," the sort of thing in which Laurence Olivier lets his hair down and Flora Robson goes comic all for a good cause. Only this time it was rather different, not just because there was no good cause but because one of the stars, Sir Donald Wolfit, was not trying to be funny, and the other, Miss Cicely Courtneidge, was trying much too hard. This had the paradoxical result of making it difficult for us not to laugh at Sir Donald and equally difficult to laugh, as we knew we should for old time's sake, at Miss Courtneidge.

Miss Courtneidge dances the Fairy Queen in a ballet scene in which she is buffeted about by all the other dancers, all of whom are dancing "straight." This can be (and has been) very funny if done with subtlety. But here, as with *March Past* and *Wimbledon 1907*, producer William Chappell turns it into crude slapstick. Sir Donald gives a dramatic rendering (*sic*) of the Death of Bill Sikes from *Oliver Twist* with an accompaniment of throat-clutching and fist-shaking that offers us only the alternatives of holding

our breath for five minutes on end or laughing out loud. We laughed.

Had Sir Donald really hammed it up, as no doubt he could have done, he would have made a melodramatic interlude in true old music hall style. As it was, it left only 71-year-old comedian Billy Russell to provide an authentic touch to the evening. And he did it with a revised version of "an address on behalf of the working man" that knocked 'em in the aisles of music halls up and down the country before most of us were born. Then he cracked a few much-needed vulgar jokes and sang himself off the stage to the accompaniment of deafening applause that drowned his words: *Better to be an old 'as-been like me than a poor old never-was*.

Of the whole cast Billy Russell was the only one who did not wear a pseudo "period" costume. It was as if the director knew that he alone would be accepted as genuine. In which case he must also have known that one old-timer doesn't make an old-time music hall. In which case he probably did not even try to make an old-time music hall. In which case it is unfair to criticise him for not having made an old-time music hall. In which case we must try to define what he has made—an expensively dressed, smooth-running theatrical pastiche with a quasi-Edwardian flavour, of no great originality but with several good performances (notably from Joyce Grant and Marcia Owen) and one outstanding virtue—it is spotlessly clean.



MORRIS NEWCOMBE

Peggy Ashcroft as Arkadina, and Peter Finch as the novelist Trigorin, in *The Seagull* at the Queen's Theatre. The new translation is by Ann Jellicoe



Getz gets going!

Stan Getz plays the tenor saxophone, which is probably like saying Maria Callas is a vocalist or, as jazz critic Benny Green put it, Shakespeare is a scriptwriter. This 37-year-old American jazzman is currently appearing at Ronnie Scott's jazz club in Gerrard Street—his first visit to this country for seven years, and his first-ever as a club soloist as opposed to a concert performer. Getz first attracted attention in the late 1940s, playing with Woody Herman's band; is now described as "one of the greatest" and "a towering power in the land of jazz." He is appearing until mid-April

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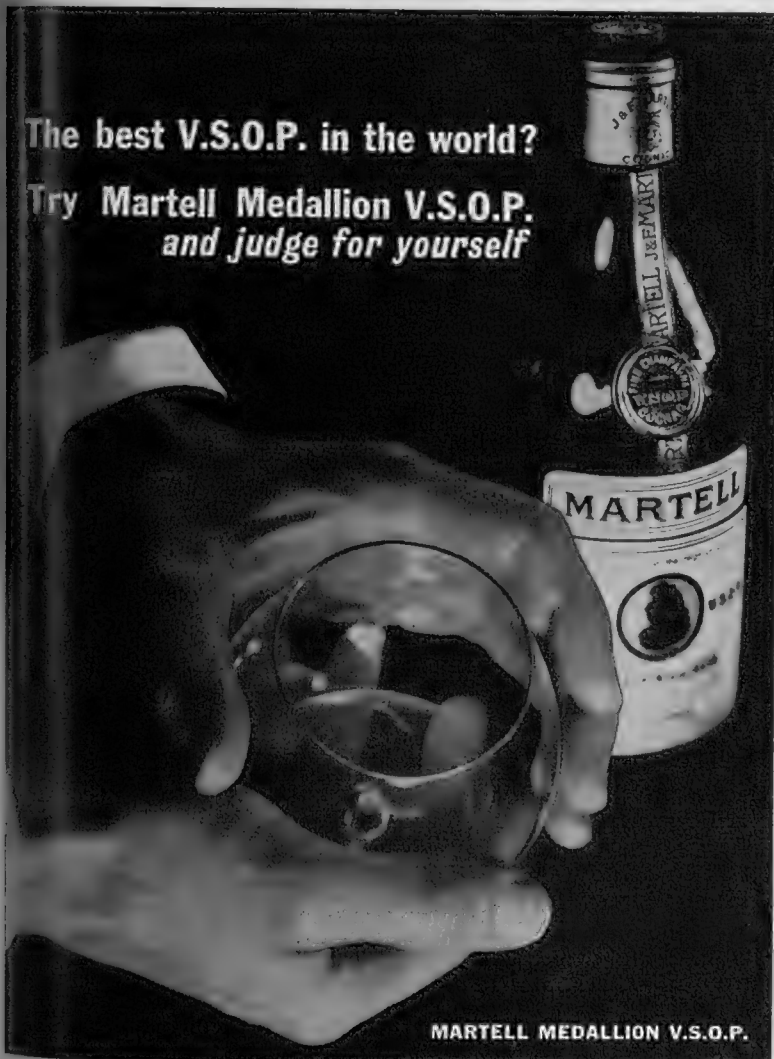
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on films

IN SEARCH OF A POINT



Blithe moment for Sylva Koscina as Vlasta, and Dirk Bogarde as Nicholas the accidental spy, in *Hot Enough for June*, a comedy thriller also featuring Robert Morley

It is probably very square of me to deplore the growing tendency of Italian directors to assemble a handful of characters, all obsessed with personal problems, and let them swan around broodily without ever explaining what it is that's eating them, but deplore it I do. I'm nosey: I want to be told who those people up there on the screen are and why they're going on so, and if nobody throws me a clue I lose interest, being far too mentally lazy to start looking for one.

In *Il Mare* (*The Sea*) the lack of communication, as far as I am concerned, is just about total. I can't even guess why Signor Giuseppe Patroni Griffi, who wrote and directed the film, gave it that title. I am told he originally intended to call this work (his first for the cinema) *Landscape With Figures* which would have been more accurately indicative, I think, as it suggests that the bizarre and nameless characters have simply been introduced for artistic effect and need not really be worried about. (I was mean enough to let them do all their own worrying, anyhow.)

The setting is Capri, in winter. At least we know where we are. The island, deserted by the tourists, is lovely to look at but desolate—forlorn as an empty theatre—and the characters Signor Patroni Griffi has sketched in against this bleak background are a pretty desolate lot, too. The Man (Signor Umberto Orsini), one gathers from his declamatory habits, is an actor. He is sulking because his mistress has failed to keep her rendezvous with him on Capri.

The Boy (Signor Dino Mele) is a black-browed, alcoholic waif, who nurses a bitter resentment against life or persons unknown or something. The Woman (Mlle. Françoise Prévost) is aggrieved

because, after three years of happiness, an affair has ended. She is resolved to sell the house where she enjoyed her idyll to a rich vulgarian, though whether in a spirit of revenge or because she needs the money, I couldn't say. Egocentrics all, they meet—and part—as strangers.

There is a suggestion of homosexuality in the relationship between The Man and The Boy—particularly in a very strange bedroom scene which ends violently with Signor Mele forcibly pouring a pint of Givenchy *eau de cologne* down Signor Orsini's throat and leaving him, unconscious, in a bathtub full of water. The Man, distinctly huffy over his young companion's maniacal behaviour, turns his attention to The Woman. After a nasty little game with Signor Dele, whom she begs to instruct her in the art of murder, Mlle. Prévost seems inclined to settle for Signor Orsini.

He escorts her on excursions (The Boy following like a lost dog) and visits her at her house, where Mlle. Prévost, enigmatic as all get-out, gloomily opens her jewel-case and throws its contents, piece by exquisite piece, into the fire. "What," asks Signor Orsini politely, "is the point of all this?" None that I could see. There doesn't seem much point either in The Man's going to bed with The Woman (after brutally ridding himself of The Boy)—for nothing comes of that but frustration, as each is wholly self-absorbed.

All three characters are theatrical creations, deliberately designed as such by Signor Patroni Griffi (a man of the theatre) to be manipulated by them. Why they should take themselves so dead seriously, I can't think. Mercifully their dialogue has been cut to a minimum, but it still contains maddening lines like "We are

all characters in a play," portentously delivered. The landscape is beautiful—beautifully photographed, too—but the figures in it are terrible bores. At least, I think so.

Miss Betty Box, producing, and Mr. Ralph Thomas, directing *Hot Enough for June*, rather imply in an extremely funny opening sequence that Mr. Dirk Bogarde is going to take over where James Bond last left off, but this isn't quite so, for whereas good old licensed-to-kill 007 has always been an enthusiastic professional spy, charming Mr. Bogarde is a bewildered amateur tricked into the dangerous game against his will. Mr. Robert Morley (giving a delicious performance) is boss of the British Foreign Office's espionage department, but poses as head of a firm of glass manufacturers when Mr. Bogarde, an unsuccessful writer, is sent to him *via* a Labour Exchange for a job.

Hired by Mr. Morley at £2,000 a year, Mr. Bogarde blithely takes off for Czechoslovakia under the impression that he is to inspect and report on a Czech glass factory, where a man who will reply "But you should have been here last September" when he remarks "It's hot enough for June" will give him all the information he requires. He has no idea of the true nature of his mission until he makes contact with this person—a washroom attendant who greets him as a fellow spy—and his adventures from then on are hair-raising and hilarious.

Miss Sylva Koscina, a delightful gal with an elegant pair of gams, falls in love with Mr. Bogarde and, though her father (excellent Mr. Leo McKern) is chief of the Communist counter-espionage service, helps him foil the Secret Police who are on his trail like bloodhounds. Mr. Bogarde assumes a variety of disguises—including a waiter's tails and a fetching Moravian outfit—and is as nimble as Bond in wriggling out of tight corners, but far less vicious. It was pleasant to see that his ventures into serious drama have in no way spoiled his light comedy touch—and I must say I found the film altogether vastly entertaining.

The Wheelchair is a Spanish black comedy, not at all to my taste. If you feel you would enjoy the spectacle of cripples racing in their motorized wheelchairs between rows of laughing, cheering and jeering on-lookers, this is your film—and you're welcome to it.

The Man who travels high and to the other ends of the earth; whose attitude to altitude is that of a plane man; plainly well orientated. The man who isn't green any more, for whom Greenwich Mean Time doesn't mean time. Who takes touchdowns at Tokyo and Twickenham in his stride; a modern Marco who enjoys polo at Windsor... and Mah Jong in Hong Kong. The man for whom pretty orientals are happily occident-prone.

This Man, poised, master of all his affairs, effortlessly elegant and mohair cool.

The man

Tonik
by DORMEUIL

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on records

HAWKINS WAS THERE

Certain great names in jazz have a funny habit of turning up in a most consistent way down the years, and I shall quote from recent record releases the variety of circumstances under which Coleman Hawkins has played the music which made him famous and simultaneously established the tenor saxophone as a major instrument in this medium. The whole saxophone family was in general use in the 20's, but the tenor was peculiar in its relegation to section work with few exceptions until Fletcher Henderson took on Hawk in 1923. Gradually he built the image and personality of Hawk with the aid of Don Redman's arrangements, to the point where you can hear his voice emerge on certain tracks of **King Oliver and Fletcher Henderson** (RCA Victor). The

best example is **Sugar-foot stomp**, recorded in 1931.

Three decades later you can hear **Hawkins! Alive! at the Village Gate** (Verve), showing New York that he could go it alone in the intervening years, and that his talent, rather than diminishing, is on a constantly rising grade. The doubters must listen to **Joshua fit the battle of Jericho**, which impresses me as one of his most fiery solos of all time. In a series of building choruses he establishes the theme, then emphasizes certain notes by slurring tremolos, and finally rips into those same notes in an extended triumphant victory, soaring like a hawk in his improvisations, to the point where no doubt exists as to who "fit the battle." A few weeks later the identical group made **Today and now** (HMV),

which lays emphasis on the spontaneous atmosphere Hawk can produce in the studio. I would also pay tribute to the accompaniment of pianist Tommy Flanagan and bassist Major Holley, whose solos are of the highest calibre.

A matter of months later Hawk turns up at the 1963 Newport Jazz Festival, which has become notorious for its ambitious presentation of artists who could not normally be heard working together. **Joe Williams at Newport** (RCA) catches the ex-Basie singer in remarkably good voice, and Hawk blows superbly behind him, with Clark Terry and Howard McGhee on trumpet backing him up. This set develops into something of a tenor duel, as Zoot Sims is also featured in a solo role, and the four horns provide a very rich accompaniment.

During the same excursion to Newport, Hawk took time off to sit in with the **Lambert, Hendricks and Bavan trio at Newport '63** (RCA Victor). This cleverly versatile vocal group performs incredible feats

in the conversion of instrumental arrangements to their highly specialized sound, but even this would sound monotonous if it were not interspersed with actual instruments soloing in their own rights.

Finally there is the great meeting of Sonny Rollins with Coleman Hawkins, the latter being the "guest" on the session **Sonny meets Hawk** (RCA Victor). The first thing that impressed me was the totally different sound which they produce from the same instrument, but I am all too aware of the reasons for this. Sonny, despite all his avowed respect for Hawk, has hop in his blood, and must play this cruelly angular style, where he leaps octaves, dashes 'way off the range of his instrument (*Loverman*), and displays all the hostility that he can to tunes on which Hawk lavishes warmth and loving praise. *Both* have their rightful place in jazz, but I find it extremely difficult to reconcile Rollins in the face of such a master as Coleman Hawkins.

ROBERT WRAIGHT

on galleries

ALL THOSE UNBRIDLED BITS

"What a lovely life you have," my friends are always telling me enviously, "just looking at a few pictures and writing a bit about them." And they are partly right. It is a lovely life. But I do not look at a *few* pictures, I look at hundreds every week. And those hundreds are only a small part of the thousands that I am invited, or sometimes implored, to look at every week.

I have often written here that there are too many people painting today. There are even too many *good* painters for the good of my eyesight, health and judgment. Last week I received invitations to 47 exhibitions, most of which I will never see, and only two or three of which I will be able to review. Which two or three I have not yet decided because my immediate reaction to this deluge of invitation cards, catalogues, publicity handouts, potted (and not so potted) biographies, "personal" letters and even telegrams, was to put them aside and rush off to the peace of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

Now my conscience is worrying me and I have got them out again with the object of conveying the contents of at least some of them to you. Collectively they give an impression of the impact modern publicity methods have had on artists. It amounts to no more than a dull thud. Artists are mostly such a reticent lot that one would almost welcome a Cassius Clay of painting (there are, of course, many who do shoot their mouths off, but they are not the champions). Occasionally a young artist will write a diffident letter telling about his work, his wife and his dreams. I have such a one from Peter Barrett whose first one-man show is now at the Drian Gallery. I find it irresistible.

Sometimes the artist, or the gallery in which he is exhibiting, employs a publicity man or woman for whom this is just another job—yesterday it was publicising ball-bearings, tomorrow it will be corsets or a new night club. This gimmick-merchant then produces a handout that tells us the young

artist is "the Leytonstone Leonardo" or "Putney's own Picasso" (yes, even the spelling is wrong). Unfortunately I cannot give you the outstanding example of this from last week's postbag; it is already on the fire.

Another way of trying to put over a new artist in advance is to include in his exhibition catalogue or on the invitation an "appreciation" in glowing, flowery terms, by a "critic." Piotr Rawicz, writes of sculptress Wanda Ladniewska, whose first show is at the Woodstock Gallery:

The sculptural language of a striking originality and creative liberty, the only limit of which is an outstanding plastic discipline conveys the story of a disaster: a stonebound tragedy, always the same, yet always viewed in a new way, a wound which became a memorial in the literal meaning of the word—this is the universe of Wanda Ladniewska.

The better I penetrate into her work, the more clearly I perceive that I find myself in front of a great lady of contemporary sculpture.

All of that may, of course, be true, but I would rather be left to find it out for myself.

Then there is the method of dropping the great name. This is cleverly demonstrated by Mr. Max Wykes-Joyce, writing in the invitation to the two-

man show of paintings by Theo Tobiasse and Luis Molné which, by the time you read this, will, I am afraid, have ended its short run at the Madden Galleries. There is, in truth, says Mr. Wykes-Joyce, little in common between Tobiasse and Chagall. But it takes four mentions of Chagall's name to prove the point. Of Molné, he writes casually and in parenthesis that "there is a Molné woman, just as there is a Rembrandt or a Rubens woman"! (The exclamation mark is mine).

I bridle when I am bombarded with extravagant eulogies that make every new artist sound like a new Michelangelo; it knocks the spirit of adventure out of me and makes me want to play safe and go only to the better-known West End galleries who have no time for these methods. To, for example, the Waddington Galleries, which is now showing gouaches by Henri Hayden; to Roland, Browne & Delbanco's which has works by Henri Le Sidaner and Lui Shou Kwan; to the Reid Gallery where there is what looks like a very interesting first one-man show by sculptor Philip Turner; to the Redfern where they have a full house of *structures vivantes* or mobile sculptures about which I wrote recently when some of them were shown at Oxford.

We should always be on the look out for a new flavour, even if derived from something not entirely new in itself. With all these chickens about—not too full flavoured and, probably, served plainly roasted too often—I think we might have a go at producing a little chicken surprise now and again. One of the most attractive for me is founded on the present availability of oranges at a price that makes their extra cost negligible. For **POULET JAFFA**, for up to six persons, you will need a 3½- to 4-lb. chicken (before drawing). Disjoint it, making 4 pieces each of breast and legs, 2 portions of wings and remove the two fillets from the back of the bird. Push back the flesh from the ends of the drumsticks and chop off the exposed bones.

Put the broken-in-half carcass, wing tips, neck, gizzard and halved heart in a deepish pot with cold water to cover them. Add a *bouquet garni* (small bay leaf, sprig of thyme, several parsley stalks and a stick of celery, tied together), a little salt and freshly milled pepper. Cover and simmer for 1½ hours. Sprinkle the chicken pieces with a mixture of salt, white pepper, a pinch of crumbled dried sage and a generous pinch of curry powder. Next, pass them through flour, shake off excess and fry them in 2 oz. of butter and a tablespoon of olive oil in a wideish frying-pan until a golden brown all over. Transfer them to a casserole. I like an iron one because I can use it on top of the cooker.

Cut 6 to 8 oz. of boiled ham into 1 by ½ inch strips and fry them for a minute. Add them to the chicken together with a tablespoon or two of the strained stock. Cover and leave to cook very gently while getting on with the remainder.

In the same fat, fry a finely chopped onion and the sliced chicken liver. Add them to the chicken. Heat together ½ pint of

HELEN BURKE

DINING IN

SURPRISES WITH CHICKEN

Jaffa orange juice, ½ pint of the strained stock and a few drops of Worcester sauce. Pour the hot mixture over the pieces of chicken. Cover tightly. Place in the oven, pre-heated to 350 to 375 degrees Fahr, or gas mark 4 to 5, and bake for 1 to 1½ hours. About 15 minutes before the end of the cooking, quickly fry 3 quartered unopened mushrooms, add them and let them cook with the rest.

At the last minute, halve, stone and peel a largish avocado pear. Cut it lengthwise in slices about one-third inch thick. Gently fry them in a little butter. Lift the pieces of chicken on to a heated serving dish, pour the sauce over and around them and garnish them with the sliced avocado pear.

The sauce should not need further thickening. If it should, however, remove the chicken pieces as above, bring the sauce to the boil, stir into it a teaspoon of arrowroot blended with a dessertspoon of water and bring it to the boil again. Then proceed as before.

With this dish, serve long-grained rice—boiled, drained as dry as possible and with each grain separate.

The Chinese make more than one dish from one chicken and here is one for **CHICKEN BREASTS**. (These can be bought separately in many shops.) This dish will serve 3 persons or up to 6 if, as is the Chinese custom, several dishes are served at the one time. Bamboo shoots are the only ingredient which may not be available in a local shop, but they are stocked in supermarkets, the food departments of the stores and by any supplier of Oriental goods, of which there is quite a number.

Cut the breast meat into pieces about the size of cooked haricot beans. Place them in a soup plate and sprinkle them with 2 teaspoons of sherry and a little salt. Blend a teaspoon of cornflour with a tablespoon of water and stir this into the chicken pieces. Set aside.

Slice 2 green sweet peppers, free of seeds and stringy bits, and cut a cup of bamboo shoots into not-too-small pieces. Set them aside. These preliminary preparations can be carried out early in the day, leaving the quick cooking to be done at the last minute.

Very quickly fry the vegetables in a tablespoon or so of lard or peanut (arachide) oil. In another pan, fry the chicken pieces for a very few minutes in similar fat. Turn both vegetables and meat into a heated serving-dish and pass plainly boiled rice with them.

CHINESE FRIED RICE is also very pleasant. Boil the rice early in the day and leave it to drain thoroughly and become cold. Put a tablespoon of peanut oil in a frying-pan. When it is very hot, turn 2 teacups of the cooked rice into it and fry for up to 5 minutes, shaking the pan the while. The rice should then be dry and with each grain separate. Sprinkle it with a little black pepper and up to a tablespoon of soy sauce.

KIRSCH BABA MOULD is a lovely sweet if you have time to make it. The following recipe is very easy to follow.

Warm a mixing bowl. (If you have an electric mixer, use it.) Sift 4 oz. of plain flour into the bowl. Make a hole in the centre and crumble ¼ oz. of bakers' yeast into it. Add a generous

½ pint of warm milk and leave it to soften the yeast. Drop in 2 whole eggs and mix well together with a wooden spoon (or set the dough hook of the mixer in motion). Leave this sponge in a warm place until it has doubled in size. Sprinkle with a dessertspoon of sugar and a pinch of salt and work in by hand 1½ oz. of butter, first creamed until it is very soft.

Half-fill a buttered cake tin or charlotte mould with the mixture and let it rise to three-quarters in a warm place. Bake for 40 to 45 minutes at 425 degrees Fahr, or gas mark 7. Turn on to a rack and leave to become cold. Cut the Baba across into 4 layers and sprinkle a little Kirsch on each.

Whip together ½ pint of double cream and vanilla sugar to taste—or use caster sugar and a few drops of the best quality vanilla essence. Sandwich each pair of layers with a third of this—that is, two-thirds in all. Mix ½ oz. of finely chopped walnuts and a little more sugar into the remaining third of cream. Spread it on one "sandwich" and place the other "sandwich" on top.

Finally, work a tablespoon of Kirsch into 3 to 4 tablespoons of apricot jam, spread his mixture all over the "mould" and sprinkle it with not-too-finely chopped walnuts.

Here is a potato recipe I first met in the north of France. It is called **POMMES DE TERRE PURÉE**. Boil 1½ lb. of potatoes in salted water. Drain them and reserve the water. Mash the potatoes. Add 1 to 1½ oz. of butter and whip them with a whisk until they are very light. Add a little of the hot potato water—as much as the potatoes can absorb—and whip again. If you incorporate a tablespoon or two of double cream, you will have the whitest, most delicately flavoured whipped potatoes. It is the potato water which gives the final delicious touch.

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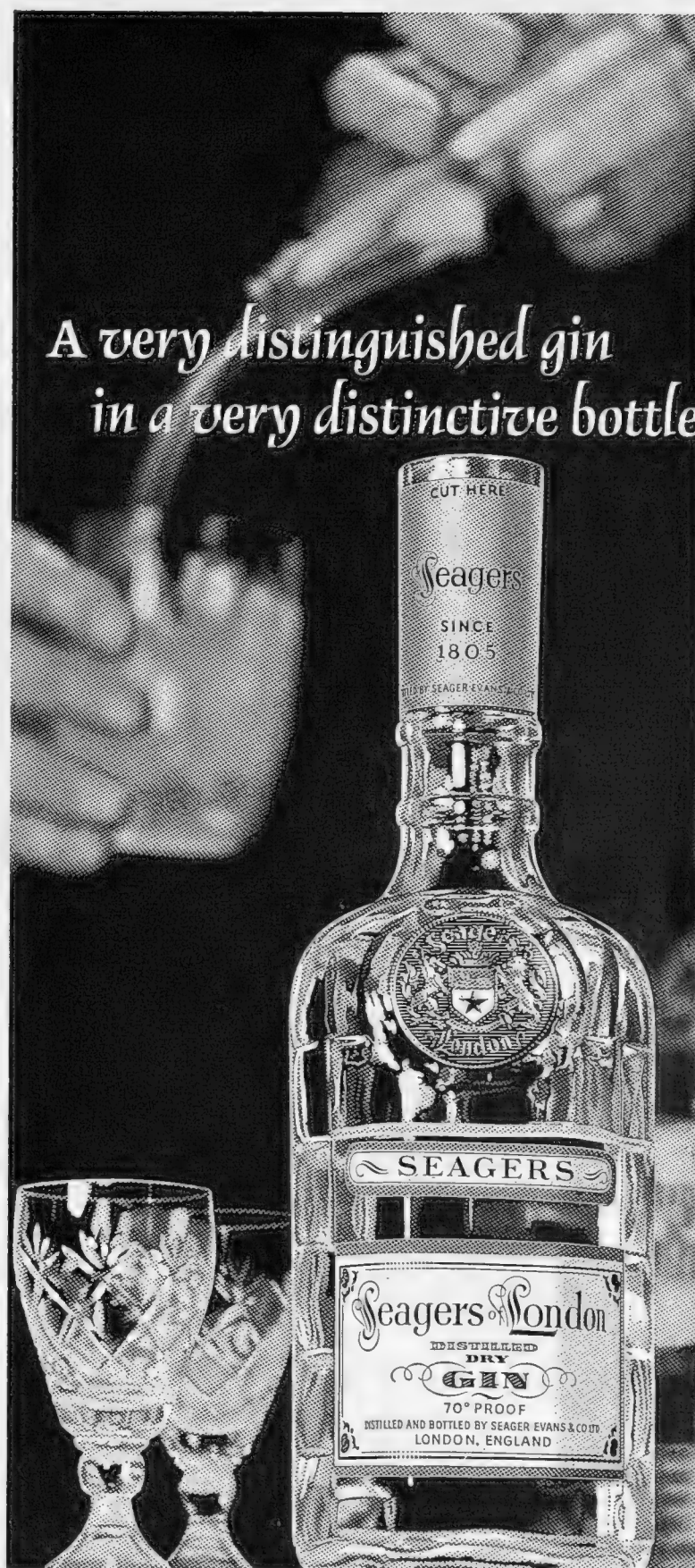
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It would be difficult to drive a Silver Cloud Rolls-Royce for a week or so, and not order one. I tested the latest on my annual trip across France to the Geneva Motor Show and found one of the main attractions, especially on a long run with weather conditions changing from day to day and almost hour to hour, to be its ability to suit the atmosphere inside the car to the climatic vagaries outside it. Rolls-Royce really have gone to town with their ventilation, heating and air conditioning system as a whole, and it takes eight pages of the handbook to deal with it. There are two separate sets of apparatus, each with its own controls, to achieve just that exact degree of temperature required. The "upper" system draws fresh air and circulates it. However, as the handbook rather delightfully puts it, "whenever the outside air is malodorous, the occupants of the car may prefer not to use the fresh air system but simply to recirculate and perhaps heat the air within the saloon. In this case, operation of the 'lower' switch will provide the conditions they require."

When such is the case, air is drawn through an intake

under the right hand front seat, heated and passed into a cross-duct behind the fascia, where it becomes divided and serves both the front and rear compartments. A refrigeration unit (optional extra) ensures, to quote that handbook again, "comfort for the occupants of the car in all climatic conditions. Since cool air is available within the car interior, it is not necessary to open the windows during hot weather and passengers can travel free from wind, noise, the ingress of dust, etc. It is, indeed, recommended that the windows be kept closed to assist the refrigeration unit to function efficiently." And from my own experience in the frigid March climate of Europe I can add that a useful ancillary purpose for the refrigeration unit in cold damp weather is to remove the moisture which mists up a car's windows inside, and to obtain warm dry air by operating the heater in conjunction with the refrigeration system. Altogether, there are a dozen positions for the heating, cooling and ventilation controls, plus a pull-out movement for one of them which brings on a blower fan at either half or full speed. The glass used for

the rear window incorporates a virtually invisible mesh of gold wire connected with the car's electrical system. This generates a gentle warmth sufficient to keep the back window always clear. During the winter one leaves this going all the time, its current consumption being negligible.

I have devoted most of this article to these particular features of the Rolls-Royce because little can be said about the car itself that has not already been said a thousand times. Of course, it floats along like a cloud in the wind; of course, its engine is neither felt nor heard; of course, it is as beautifully made and finished as one might expect for five and a half thousand pounds (including about £950 for the tax collector). One feature I must mention, however, is the power-assisted steering. It has the unrivalled merit of coming into full play only when it is needed—when turning a corner or parking the car. On the open road the "feel" of the steering remains unimpaired and the driver does not get those qualms which all who have handled fast American cars experience—the need to check continually that one does not

inadvertently oversteer when speeding along a straight road.

Above all, there is the ride and pleasure that a Rolls-Royce owner derives from the exquisite finish of every part, both on and under the surface. As to the mechanical make-up of the Silver Cloud III, which is the current model, the engine is an eight cylinder (in Vee formation) of 6.23 litres capacity, its maximum power hidden under the cloak of secrecy which R-R always maintains in this connection. The automatic transmission has four speeds, but it is seldom possible to distinguish the actual changing; one merely knows that the right gear is always awaiting the driver's command. Criticisms are of the drops of rain which were unerringly directed at the seat cushion whenever a door was opened in the wet, and necessitated a cloth being kept in readiness; also of the hard-edged sun visors which in certain circumstances might prove effective scalping weapons. To Rolls-Royce and Jack Barclay Ltd., who provided the car for me to try, I extend grateful thanks for a luxurious and wholly happy thousand-mile trip.



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ROSE GROWING

ROSES FOR DECORATION (1)

The books about flower arrangement which appear in quantity nowadays seem more or less alike to me, but I have just been reading one of the more distinctive ones, published last year by Van Nostrand. This book, *Flower Arrangement in Britain*, edited by Mary Pope, is a collection of authoritative short articles on various aspects of the subject by prominent gardeners and judges, offering stimulating ideas on techniques and materials and very well illustrated.

Flower arrangement is rather outside the scope of these articles; in any case, I know better than to offer my own notions on flower decoration to those dedicated women who practise the art. But there is no doubt that the growth of interest in flower arrangement has added another purpose to gardening and given an insight into the possibilities of plants to those who never experienced it before. Good enough; my

only reservations being in the matter of freakishness of materials and that preciousness of approach which sometimes creeps in. Cauliflowers and rhubarb leaves, old boots and policemen's helmets seem to me not at all adventurous but only tiresome, at least in flower arrangements. I would far rather have the old-fashioned cottage bunch on a country windowsill—roses, dahlias, sweet peas, Lad's Love and what not, all in a jug, uneducated and defying all the rules in the book—than those bizarre, extremist arrangements. However, this is only my private opinion.

One thing I am sure about is that the best effects, unless the experiment of imitating a Dutch picture is the aim, are obtained by keeping roses to themselves, or nearly so; and I think one needs roses in quantity, using them freely and generously for maximum richness. Where the gardener-in-chief is touchy about this,

the only thing to do is to grow them purely for cutting. Remember always that it is inadvisable to take too many roses from a bush at a time. Roses on long stems are easier to obtain under glass than in the open; on the other hand, most flower arrangers prefer to gather their material from outside. For length of stalk choose long stemmed varieties such as the old *Richmond* if you can get it, *Frau Karl Druschki*, *Uncle Walter*, the recent H.T. by McGredy and such roses as the

H.T. *Garvey*, also a McGredy rose, which I illustrate.

One of the troubles with today's Hybrid Teas is that many quickly collapse, a great disadvantage if a flower arrangement is to give pleasure over a period. Here the Hybrid Perpetuals and old Hybrid Teas have much to offer, for such roses as *Hugh Dickson* and *George Dickson* will last for days on end. The Bourbons and some of the moss roses, apart from the charm of their blooms, are very eligible in this respect.



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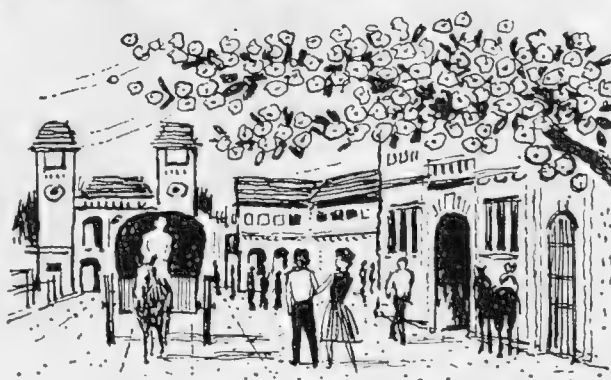


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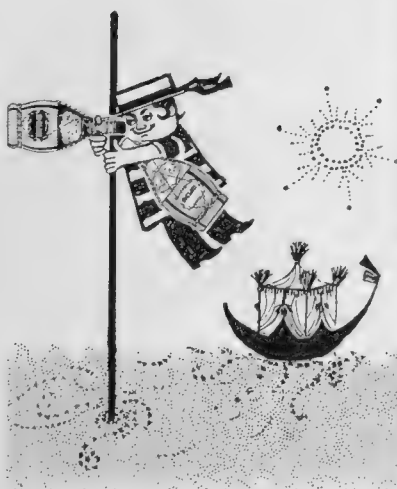
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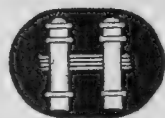
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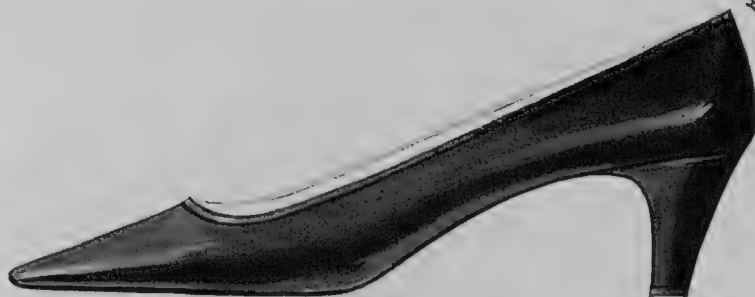
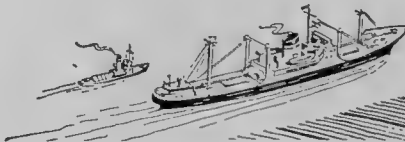
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